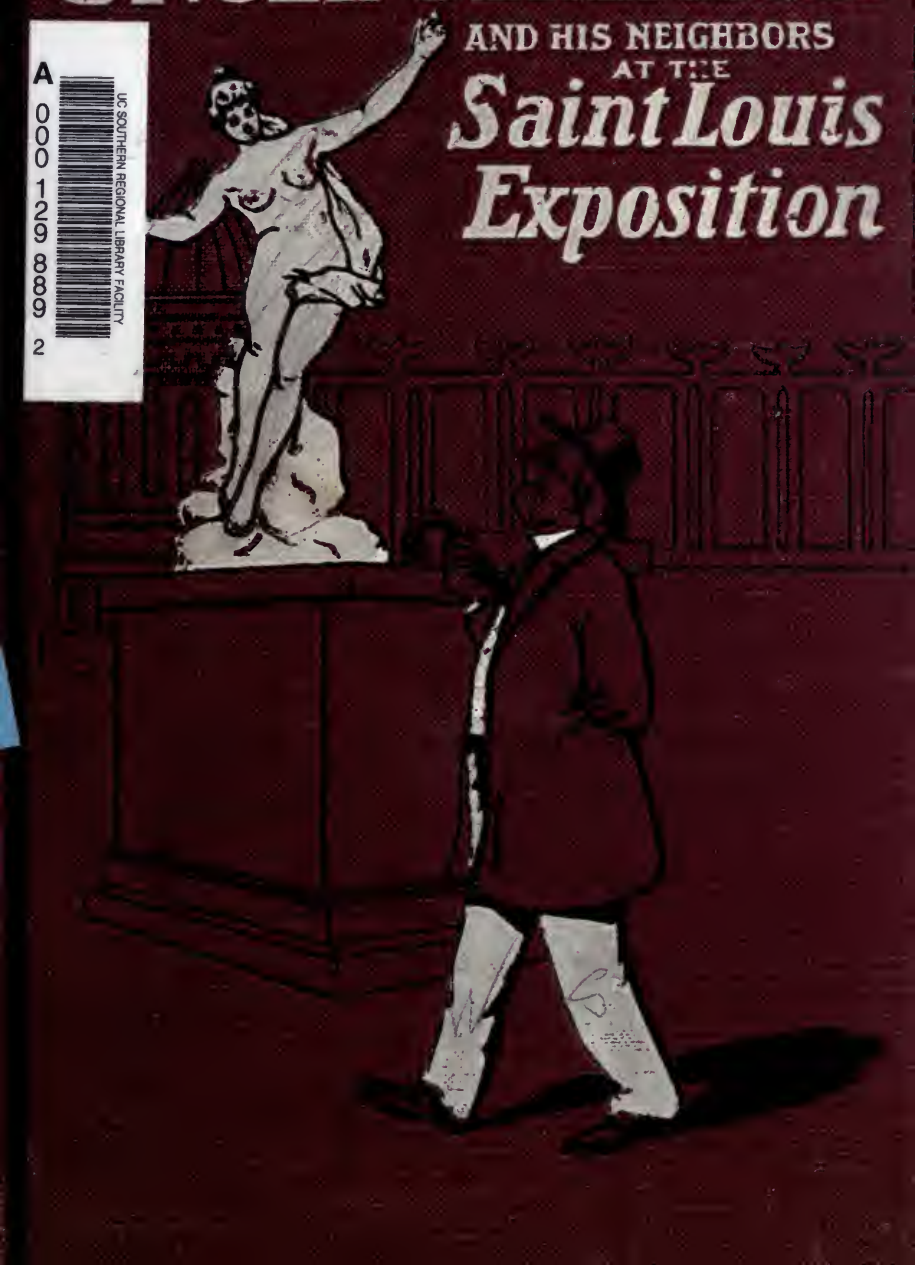
UNCLE JEREMIAH

AND HIS NEIGHBORS AT THE *Saint Louis Exposition*



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"I Like to Sit Here Under the Drenching Sun"

UNCLE JEREMIAH
AND HIS NEIGHBORS AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

BY C. M. STEVENS

AUTHOR OF "Uncle Jeremiah and Family at the Great Fair"
(The Chicago Columbian Exposition) (475,000 Sold)
EDITOR OF Official Guide Books for Louisiana Purchase Exposition

Profusely illustrated with Eighty Humorous Sketches
By R. W. TAYLOR

An Interesting and Amusing Guide to the Fair,
Relating the Experiences of

UNCLE JEREMIAH, the Philosopher
ETHELBERT, the Freshman
AUGUST, the German
SQUINT, the Clodhopper
NORA, the Irishwoman
MATILDA, the Sentimentalist
HELENA, the Little Observer
And others as incidentals

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THOMPSON & THOMAS

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Dedicated to the Visitors at the World's Fair, Saint Louis, Mo.

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A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

World's Fairs are now so solemnly immense that to see them seems to be an enormous task. The throngs move on and on through the vast and varied spectacle of wonders as though they were viewing the speechless mysteries of Aladdin or tramping along subterranean aisles in the catacombs of Rome.

It is the American spirit of getting one's money's worth. We spend 50 cents a day to see a $50,000,000 show and we might miss something if we laugh. There is no time or place for merriment or rest. We are lost in the mountains of miracles wherein the world's side-shows of Midway and Pike become a serious study in our laborious enterprise of seeing it all.

Such solemnity might reduce the nervous to tears if they were not too tired to weep.

On that account the adventures of Uncle Jeremiah and his neighbors are made public so that the laboring visitors may at least see the humor in themselves, if not in the show, and thereby "look up and be glad."

Uncle Jeremiah performed the same service for his acquaintainces and friends in the Columbian Exposition. If the estimate of five readers to a book is correct, there were probably more than two millions of them.

We now bid th. all, with as many new ones as may be found, to the additional, if not to the altogether original array of fun and perplexity here given in these adventures of Uncle Jeremiah and his neighbors at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

THE AUTHOR.

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Uncle Jeremiah and His Neighbors

CHAPTER I.

A SEXTETTE OF UNAFRAIDS.

"UNCLE Jeremiah," said Neighbor Hawkins, "if Nora will smother those noisy youngsters in the next room, I will call the house to order and find out who is going with you to Saint Looey."

Nora looked properly horrified, but arose to obey the suggestion.

"Sure it ain't aisy to do that," she said with emphasis, "for the girls do be so boisterous and the boys do be so girlstrous that a woman can't manage them."

"Ach, du leeber schatz," exclaimed August reprovingly; "how many dimes I haf tole you alretty not to say 'do be.' It sounds so Irish."

Nora turned short around. "An' you liver shot, yourself," she said, "how many dimes I haf tole you

alretty, not to say 'I haf tole you alretty.' It sounds so Dutch."

"That's right, Nora," laughed Neighbor Hawkins. "Don't let him be boss now or you won't have even an Irishman's rights when the preacher has made you a dutchess."

"Sure not," asserted Nora. "I'm Irish from the marrybones out, as my father and mither wur befoor me, an' the pracher can't make a dutchess out of me, even unto the third an' foorth generation."

"When's the wedding, August?" said Neighbor Hawkins, as the laugh of the assembled guests subsided.

"She says she can't be sure of herself," said August, dubiously, "till she has had a look at the Saint Looey policemen."

"Then you are all right," said the amiable Hawkins, "for I've heard that Congressman Bill Cabbage is to put a bill through Congress that all Irish policemen must either speak German or be married when on duty, so they won't spend so much time with other people's baby carriages and cooks."

August looked so reassured that Neighbor Hawkins turned to Nora.

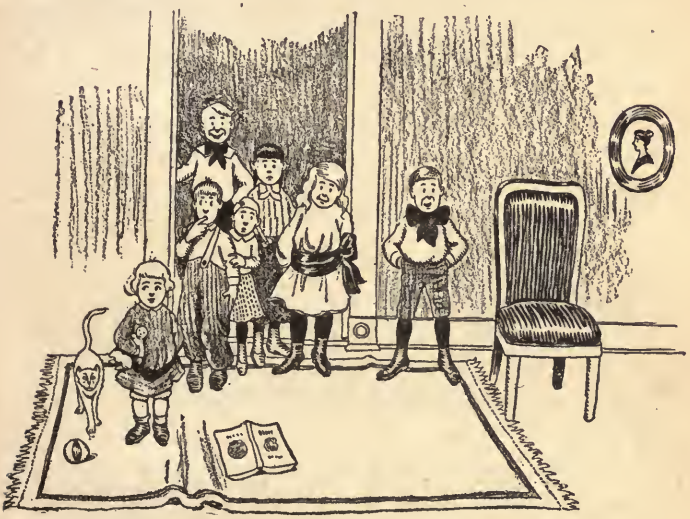
"Stop the bean-bag riots among the kids and we will return to our muttons."

"Stop yer bean-bag rye-oats in there, will ye?" cried Nora, throwing open the door. "The gentle-

men and loidies of Stoompburg want to spake to themselves and their muttons."

A throng of eager faces crowded the doorway.

"Who's goin' to Saint Looey?" inquired a chorus of voices.



A Throng of Eager Faces Crowded the Doorway.

"Hold yer tongues and be sated, ye spalpeens," she answered, "or ye'll all be elicted to stay at home while the rest of ye will be enjoyin' the big show fer yer dacency in being still."

There was a period of profound silence.

"We think it's mighty fine of you, Uncle Jerry," began Neighbor Hawkins, "to invite us in here this

evening to consider your taking a bunch of our youngsters to the big show. Don't we, neighbors?"

There was a general nodding of heads, accompanied by exclamations of assent. Neighbor Hawkins continued:

"Ethelbert and Matilda may go, and, with Nora taking little Helena, you have a quartette as a starter."

"Mark me down fer number five," piped a squeaky voice in the doorway. "Granny says if I can sell my sheep and two shotes, I can go if it is enough, and it is enough and I can."

"Stock for sale at this meeting," said Neighbor Hawkins; "what's your price?"

"Tirteen siller wheels," was the quick reply.

"All right," was the answer; "bring your stock over to my barn in the morning and get your money."

"Hurrah fer Squint," said Nora, and the children clapped their hands in applause.

Squint promptly stood on his head and knocked his heels together thirteen times.

"Children, go back to your games," sharply exclaimed Squire Perkins' wife. "We old folks want to consult with one another in peace and harmony."

"Do ye hear the loidy?" said Nora, as she shooed them back to close the door. "Play still. Nobody objects to yer noise if ye'll only kape quiet, so the

ould folks can insult each other in pease and hominy."

"Na du kleine goose," said August. "Do you know nothing, Nora?"

"Indade, I do," she answered sharply. "Go clane a goose yerself."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "I tink you know not how many feet is on a cow."

"Indade, I do."

"How many?"

"Eight."

"Ach, Gott!" exclaimed August, in dismay. "How ish dot?"

"Sure, you nivver counted yourself," she replied, triumphantly. "See? Two feet at each end. That's foor. Two on each side. That's foor. How much is foor and foor in Dutch?"

"Nein! nein! 'sist not de vay," expostulated August.

"Nine," said Nora. "Then a cow has nine feet, in Dutch."

"Ain't you afraid, Uncle Jerry," interrupted Mrs. Perkins, "that Squint won't set a first rate example among well-behaved folks? You know his old granny has never had much control over him and she needs the money he'd cost."

"Yes," replied Uncle Jeremiah; "we know he's a kind of harumscarum, uncivilized little rat, and he

won't be dressed up strictly in line with the money-spending crowds, but he's a likely chap towards a coming man, and the sights will do him heaps of good. If my fellow travelers of the Stumpburg set have no objections, I'd like to take him along."

Listening to this was an attentive little lady, who

"How Ish Dot?"

hastily ran back into the playroom with a special purpose in view.

"I'll get a vote on Squint from the travelers," she called back, as she disappeared in the hallway.

"The squire and me is thinking," continued Mrs. Perkins, "that p'raps we'll go arter while ourselves, and so I s'pose we'd better have our younguns go

'long then, for you'll have 'nough on your hands with what you've already bargained for."

A howl vanished from the hall doorway into the other room and all knew that the three Perkins' youths had been hard hit.

"Squint's 'lected," piped a voice at the sitting-room door. "We four who goes has had a unanny-mous rising vote and Squint is standing on his head 'till I 'nounce the 'lection."

Helena bowed low as she delivered this decision of the fortunate ones, and then departed to turn Squint right end up.

"That settles it," said Neighbor Hawkins; "we must let the boy have the time of his life while some of the rest of us looks out for old granny. Number five will take care of himself."

"What troubles me and Hopgood," said the deacon's wife, "is them dreadful railroad collusions."

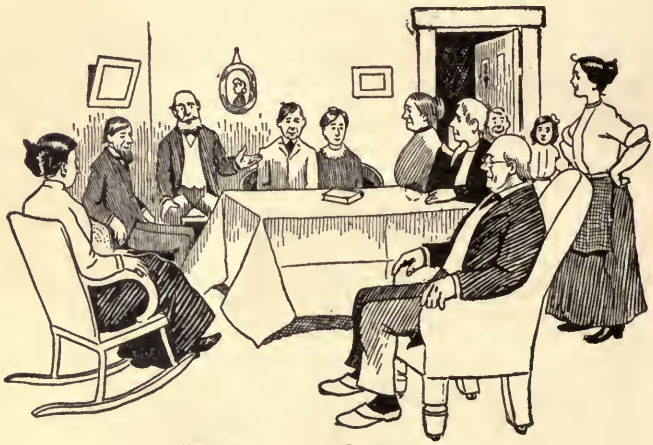
"Yes," chimed in Minerva Duncan; "last year I read of mor'n two, and the poor folks takin' them rides had no show for nothing."

"And look at the robbers," said Jake Martin. "You kin read of one every day, and they say that them we read of don't hold a candle to the ones you don't read about."

"Yes, an' the slaughter of the street keers," said old Mother Smith. "The gallopin' fire engines, an' the onslaughts of microbes and oughtymobiles, is

'nough to give one the shivers. My brother, who was up to them big towns onct, he tole me they must have a policeman at every crossin' in the digested deestricks to help the people acrost alive."

"My! worst than all that," exclaimed Mintie Baker, "they say as them cities is just surrounded



"And Look at the Robbers."

with graveyards, an' that thar's a funeral seen every day. Must be dreadful onhealthy and dangersome."

"Vot difference makes dot out," said August, "when the people is uset to it, an' I heerd they hat a fool born effery minute."

Minnie shuddered.

"My! What a wicked place."

"Well, well," exclaimed Uncle Jeremiah, hastily; "we've all got to take our medicine sometime. We have to chance it anyhow. I know city folks who think we live worse than they do. They are afeered to come out here for the danger of getting hayseed in their hair. They think they are liable any minute to fall into a well, or be bit by a goose, or see a snake or be kicked by a mule or horned by a cow or butted by a sheep or have a tree fall on them."

"Laws a massy, really do tell," exclaimed Mother Smith; "could you believe it, there was sich empty noggins as them city folks."

"Well, is this all the crowd I can scare up?" said Uncle Jeremiah. "Just four with Squint for fifth. I thought from the interestin' crowd at the party to-night as I'd have a good baker's dozen, anyhow."

"Maybe I'll foller up," said August.

All laughed.

"August's got his weather eye open fer thet policeman," some one remarked.

August scowled.

"Do you really believe," inquired Hiram Jones, "as it is wuth seein', anyhow? It mout rain all the time an' you'd all catch cold and couldn't go anyhow. I hear there won't be any hoss racin', ner greece pole climin', ner no sich fun."

"An' I hear," said Hiram's wife, "thet they've got

a big buildin' dedicated to beaux arts, and fer one I say there's 'nough temptations fer girls to be tuck in without any sich larnin', an' 'pon my word, I don't think Mandy'd better go. 'Sides, there's a chanct fer to git losted in sich crooked places."

"Summin' it all up, Uncle Jerry," interposed Silas Rogers, "I reckon you all is about fixed with all you kin handle, and we can git a fair to middlin' idear of the sights when you all git back ef ye keep yer eyes along and limber up yer tongues when you all git back. 'Sides you kin tell us, ef it's wuth the onconvenience, an' by directin' of us on the back track we can make up a cold trail party an' make the hunt ourselves."

"Watch out," warned Mother Smith, "thet ye all git back in limber clothes an' not in timber clothes, an' that yer hev yer minds all in proper gear with the 'schinery no whar out o' kelter. No tellin' how sich highfalutin' sights and things may sarve onwary travelers. They do say as thar is cannabals there as hunt heads fer a livin', an' Indians 'nough to take all yer skelps from offen yer skulls."

There suddenly arose a bedlam of whoops and yells from the kitchen, and Nora appeared, bearing a pan of apples on one shoulder, with Helena enthroned on the other. The child held in one hand a dish heaped high with fudges and in the other a pan

filled with cracked walnuts. A dozen eager children were trooping about in a vain endeaver to be first served, and the conference over the proposed educational journey was at end.

CHAPTER II.

THE VISION AT THE GATES.

Stumpburg gathered at the station to see the fortunate travelers aboard the train for the visionary wonders reported to be on display at Saint Looey. The elated ones were soon whirled away, leaving the depressed home-stayers to wend their weary way back to the conglomeration of gardens, orchards, fields and coal shafts known as Stumpburg.

"Whew!" exclaimed Squint, digging frantically at his face with both fists as he drew his head in from the wide view he was taking, as far as he could lean out of the car window. "I gotter cinder plunk in here, somewhere. Pity you can't look forrad with any confidence 'thout the engineer throwin' a coal-mine back at ye. I like to obsarve the telegraph posts chasin' past the trees, and everything outside playing ring-around the rosy."

Meanwhile, Nora diligently extracted the cinder, as Squint talked to defeat the pain, and the young folks scattered over the car, where each could find a window through which to view the flying scenes outside.

Uncle Jeremiah was deep in passing meditation when Nora came back to him in considerable distress

past the conductor, who was busy taking up the fares.

"What's the matter, Nora?" he asked.

"The conductor has robbed me," she replied. "He took ivery cint of my money and said I'd have to borrow half a dollar more from my friends."

"Why didn't you give him your ticket?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah, mystified.

The Sextette of Unafraids.

"My ticket; that is to the fair," she exclaimed. "How could I iver get into the fair if he took that? I'd rather he'd take my money. He asked me for my ticket, but I wouldn't let him see it or have it, and he made me give him my money. He's a robber, so he is."

"All right," laughed Uncle Jeremiah, as the conductor was approaching. "Let me have your ticket

and I'll get your money back, and promise you that you won't miss the fair, either."

The exchange of ticket for the money was made and Nora, though mystified, was again happy.

"O, me! O, my!" she exclaimed, as the train crept out upon the great bridge over the father of waters, "is this the Mississippi, raelly?"

"Of couse not, you ungeographical Hibernian," replied Ethelbert. "This is only a piece of it. The only place where you can see all of it is on the map."

"Well, you needn't make such terrible swearing oaths about it," she replied; "I ain't no cyclopeedia."

"Anyway, this is a mighty fine piece of it," said Squint, in enthusiastic contemplation, "and I wish we had it for a swimming and fishing hole in the place of the one we've got at Keg creek."

His benevolent wishes for the convenience of Stumpburg vanished with the view as they plunged into the Missouri shore through the subterranean passage to the Union depot.

Uncle Jeremiah had explicit instructions how to reach the hotel, where he had already engaged accommodations, and by nightfall the Stumpburg neighbors were comfortably at home in their suite of four adjoining rooms. They were speedily making themselves familiar with the surroundings and gathering information that would help them in making the most of their visit, while Uncle Jeremiah

was finding war veterans and making acquaintances as speedily as could be done only through the fraternity of battlefields. Ethelbert took great interest in the various types of persons who came into the hotel, and he took considerable pleasure in mystifying Nora and Matilda.

"Come here, quick!" he called to his sister, as they came from the dining-room after the evening dinner. "Do you see that man over there with the big diamond on his shirt? That's a lord."

"An English lord?" she asked in awe-struck tones.

"No," he replied. "It is an American lord; an American landlord. He operates this hotel."

"Do you see that Frenchman over there?" he asked of Nora. "That man bosses the waiters. He has been in this country only three months and he can speak not only American, but six other languages. You have been in this country nearly twenty-four years and you can't talk anything but Irish."

"Indade, it's a good reason I have," she replied. "I lack only wan thing to speak siven tongues, as well as the Frinchmin."

"What is that?" inquired Ethelbert, incredulously.

"I haven't got the siven tongues."

As they were talking, a woman came by, dressed in the gingham uniform of the graduate nurses' association.

"Look," said Helena; "there goes one of those tamed nurses."

Ethelbert laughed so derisively that Helena was much offended.

"You go ask Uncle Jeremiah," said he, soothingly, "who tamed the nurse, and, if he tells you, I'll give you an all-day sucker and a yard of white wax chewing gum."

She darted away to earn such a coveted prize. After considerable search she at last found that he was inaccessible in the bath-room taking a bath. She returned disconsolate.

"I'll have to wait till some other time," she said. "He has gone where none can see him but God and the angels."

Matilda was shocked and she was giving the child a good shaking for her irreverence, when they saw Nora, who had been walking out in the hall, coming up to them under considerable confusion.

"What's the matter, Nora?" inquired Matilda, as two or three of their new-found hotel friends gathered around them.

"O, indade," she said, "I've just had such an embarrassing toime with Pat McGinnis of Stoompburg."

"I didn't know Pat is here," interrupted Ethelbert, in much surprise.

"Sure, he ain't," returned Nora. "That's what made it so embarrassing."

"How can that be?"

"Sure," she continued, "I met him out in the hall and I said, 'Howdy, Pat McGinnis,' and he said, 'Howdy, Bridget McGuire!' And I said, 'Pat, you know I am not Bridget McGuire,' and he said, 'Bridget, you know I'm not Pat McGinnis.' Then we looked at each other close, and sure enough it was naither of us. Now, wouldn't that stump your traces with a break-neck jerk?"

They all thought so, when they were able to figure out the facts, and Nora was so upset that she soon retired to her room for the night.

There was no trouble in arousing any one the next morning to start in due time for the fair, but, before going, they were all given a bad quarter of an hour as a reminder of the possibilities in such unaccustomed surroundings.

The youngest member of the quintet was missing when Nora was ready to get the flock together, but a series of shrill yells from the bath-room indicated that the absent one was in trouble.

"Helena Elenor," cried Nora, running out into the hall, "in the name of the saints, what's the mather?"

"I can't turn the key," she cried. "I'm locked in. Help! Please help me out."

"What's the matter?" asked Uncle Jeremiah, hurrying down the hall.

"O, Uncle Jerry," said Nora, wringing her hands in great distress. "What can we do? The poor child is all locked in an' she can't turn the key."

They could hear Helena Elenor weeping bitterly at the terror of being locked in that dreadful little room.

By this time the hall was full of sympathetic inquirers offering all kinds of advice.

Uncle Jerry got upon a chair and looked over the transom. Helena Elenor was there, indeed, in distressful plight.

"Pull the key out and see if you can throw it up here where I can catch it."

Uncle Jerry could only get his hand and wrist through the opening of the transom.

She drew the key out and threw it time and again but she could not hit Uncle Jerry's hand.

"Send for a locksmith," some one said.

"O, my arm is give clear out," said Helena, "and I can't throw any more."

Then she fell again to weeping.

"What's the mather here," inquired the janitor, bustling through the crowd, and giving a wrench at the doorknob.

The door came open easily and revealed the aston-

ished Elenor standing like a statue of grief before the door.

Uncle Jeremiah pulled his hand back through the

Uncle Jerry Got Upon a Chair.

transom so hastily that he skinned his knuckles and the pain distracted his attention so that he missed his balance on the chair and tipped across the back

onto the shoulders of half a dozen women, which eased his fall to the floor.

"Great people, these blasted country jays!" exclaimed the janitor, in disgust, as he went away. "They don't know the use of even a doorknob."

In truth, the door had not been locked, but all had accepted the child's idea as a fact.

The world's fair signs on the fronts of the cars were big enough for even the most ignorant man to read, and they gave a corresponding thrill to the anticipating sightseer who was making his first trip out to the grounds. The outside windows of the cars were free and open, but those next to the other track were covered half way to the top with bars. Squint and Helena, not to be debarred by such trivial obstacles from seeing all of Saint Looey they could get into view, got their heads out over these bars together, and were complacently taking in the sights, when the conductor caught them by the arm and jerked them back into the seat.

"Do you want to get your heads cut off?" he tragically exclaimed. "A car will come along here and snip them off like a Johnny-jump-up. Lots of people lose their heads here in this town."

The youngsters cowered down in their seats and did not recover till the world's fair buildings came into sight.

The Stumpburg neighbors had now arrived. They

were soon through the turn-stiles and the promised vision was before them.

"The World's Fair! Yes, the world's fair. I never saw the world more fair," said Uncle Jeremiah, as he stood with his eager and expectant group of sightseers on that gracious day of June, just inside the gates and beheld the wondrous prospects of the Cascade City.

The characters of all were mirrored in their shining eyes as the fine view burst upon them. They looked out upon the alluring groves of paradise searching for the attraction that would draw them first.

Ethelbert glanced about with a knowing smile in anticipation of the chance he would have to show his companions how much a senior high school boy knew; Matilda, his sister, was two years younger and she took in the view with the awe of melting sentiment. It made no difference where she went first, for the privilege itself was worthy of her tears.

Ethelbert and Matilda both had rather exalted worldly expectations and there would be no fashion or style from royalty to rags that they would not absorb, even at the expense of seeing anything else.

Nora was housekeeper at Helena's home and incidentally attended to the lively wants of the nimble eight-year-old, for which she was allowed the extra

reward of being one of Uncle Jeremiah's party with Helena as companion.

"It just makes me heart wiggle to see such a lovely sight," said Helena to Matilda, but she was able only to nod her head in reply. All stood there open-mouthed in dumb surprise, excepting number five. He had no time to lose in surprise. His name wasn't Squint, but what's the use—everybody called him Squint—because everybody else always had done so, and no one would know him by any other name. Squint never said much more than a fox, but he could do more things than a monkey. It took only about three bats of his eye for him to take in the whole situation. He then surveyed the scenes in detail with the blink of an owl half way between daylight and dark, and there was no doubt that he would get his money's worth. A medley of sounds from brass bands to bagpipes and heathen reeds came pouring over to them from the unseen realms known as the Pike.

"Pike's peak or bust," yelled Squint,

as he darted away toward the music like a thin flake of iron toward a magnet.

"Come back here, you, Squint," cried Nora after him, but he was beyond hearing.

"Let the little scamp go," said Uncle Jeremiah. "We can't lose Squint. He knows how to get back to our lodging house, and that's enough for him."

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Uncle Jeremiah. "Where shall we go first?"

The look they all gave him showed at once that he had made a fatal blunder. When a commander asks his subordinates what to do he is undone, and his command is gone.

"The electricity and machinery building first and last for me," said Ethelbert. "You know I am going to be an electrical engineer."

"I want to go straight to the art building," plaintively implored Mildred. "I want to see the glorious paintings."

"Don't talk," said Nora, "it's lookin' I want. Come on somewhere."

"Uncle Jerry," said Ethelbert, beseechingly, "you 'tend to the girls to-day and I'll take them off your hands to-morrow."

He didn't wait for any agreement to this proposal, but hurried away like the bear that went over the mountain to see what he could see.

"Well, what do you say," said Uncle Jeremiah, "to us taking a general look all around on the outside first and after that every man for himself if he wants to?"

That was something definite to begin with, and they went straight from the Lindell entrance along the Plaza of Saint Louis up to the grand basin. Uncle Jeremiah and his three faithful followers stood before the flowing cascades and towering groups of statuary absorbed in the beauty and glory of their splendid display. "What a wonderland for the eye!" he exclaimed.

"What an inspiration for exaltation of soul! The nobility of art expressed from the will of man! Majestic buildings rich in the finest architectural beauty, and filled with material messages to us, made in spiritual significance, from a universal human brotherhood! For surging millions of happy people, it is a silent and supreme industrial university in the achievements of mankind. A magnificent spectacle in the triumphant will of human evolution, a mighty epic poem composed by millions through the long course of historic ages!"

He thought of the superlative achievements in science and art that had come to pass since he was a boy to make these things possible. No imagination had ever dreamed so extensively, no prophet had ever been able even to hint at such wonders.

High up on the mount before them was the choral temple, reached by wide, winding stairways and between them was a series of roaring cataracts in a perspective of high spouting fountains and towering groups of beings that seemed almost animate in the quivering reflections and undulating light.

But the eyes could not long endure this stupendous spectacle, and there were other things they must see. Behind them, in a sky-line that seemed to reach incredibly high for the works of man, was a scene of the Tyrolean Alps. It seemed to be the landmark toward outside scenes, and they turned back to pass along that way as the most promising view of the widening wonders of the grounds.

CHAPTER III.

SEEING THINGS AROUND ON THE OUTSIDE.

The medley of sounds and fairy-land of scenes were bewildering and confusing as though the people were pigmys in a giant's playhouse. In fact the nations were the giants and this was a kind of business playhouse for their little ones.

As they walked on into the Pike they came into a subdued babel of tongues spoken from a hodge-podge of humanity that could be gotten together only as an accompaniment to such an international enterprise.

Forms of strangers never seen before among us, with gestures as abundant as their voluminous flow of words, overwhelmed the new visitor to this show-place of nations.

"Let's sit down here and watch those people," said Uncle Jeremiah. "I like to sit here under the drenching sun, as I used to do by my barn, while I watch the antics of the queer Asiatics as I watched my calves. It is restful and entertaining, for it saves going to sleep in order to dream. Flower girls, donkey boys and camel drivers squat among the donkeys and camels and smoke cigarettes while they chatter in regular barnyard happiness. Some even-

ing I want to sit here and see this barnyard social scatter, as soon as the Mohammedan priest has called the prophet's worshipers to prayer from the minaret of their tower. I did so once before in the Columbian fair and it was a mild and solemn sound to be transplanted to this foreign atmosphere. It seemed to me that I could see the glint of the wide Nile, smell the perfumes of the wild lotus and look not only upon the camels and Arabs, but upon pyramids and deserts. Even now, I can easily fancy that I feel the soft winds of Egypt and the whole vision of its enormous history comes over me to remind me of the smallness of human beings in the long sweep of time.

"The sun is now throwing its golden beams upon this scene as if translated races of far off ages were using it as a search light of the universe to discover what all this means. When these streams of light are turned away in night, then the moon and stars come out to dream over what has been seen."

"Poor fellows," said Nora, observing some Turks standing against the fence near their sedan chair, while the straps which they attached to the handles hung over the shoulders in readiness for use. "I suppose they have to make their own clothes, but the haythens air larnin' our fashions as fast as they can. They have the galluses very good, but look at the sag in their pants. It's indacent to have

sich bad taste, or to have to wear sich clothes in public."

"Look at the Egyptian women," interrupted Matilda. "Why do they keep up that custom here of covering their faces?"

"Look at the Sag!"

"I know," quickly replied the sapient Helena; "it is to keep out the flies."

"Indade," said Nora, "I thought they were in a masquerade, or were showin' some kind of a robber play; maybe imitating the white caps."

Helena found a place where she was soon intently looking through at some Asiatics in a tent. Nora went over to take a look, also. Presently she came back very much incensed.

"Did you see that woman spakin' to me?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," said Matilda.

"The impudent hussy; what do you think she

axed me? She said, said she, 'Air ye long on the ground?' Without a wurrud I stuck out my foot to show it was no longer than hers. I understood her insinuation and I toorned indignantly away!"

"Look, there comes a dromedary," said Matilda; "isn't he a queer looking animal?"

"But he's got a queer name," said Nora, "What else could ye expect? Drumedairy, indade. An' why did they give the poor crayture sich a name?"

"I know," said Helena. "You can see, if you look. It's 'cause he's got a drum on his back."

"Look yonder at the haythen smokin' cigarettes," said Nora, as several Turks came by puffing their little cigars. "It's a shame how soon they larn sich bad habits so quick in this Christian country."

Meanwhile, the quartet of visitors had been wandering on from place to place, until they came to a Laplander's pavilion, where a grassy plot suggested another resting place. They soon became interested in two persons near them who were endeavoring to learn something about each other's customs and countries. One was a Laplander and the other was an Arab. Both could speak English fairly well, and appeared much above the average of their countrymen in both curiosity and intelligence.

"It takes more money to live here than in your country," suggested the Arab.

"Naa," he answered. "Spend allee make allee time. Spend eblyting for whale blub in my country to keep warm; spend allee glot in des country for ice to keep clold."

"What you do in yo' country?" he continued.

"I sit and walk and ride," said the Arab. "I have my horse and the desert."

"Spend Eblyting for Whale Blub."

The Laplander grunted.

"I have ice-house an' wibe an' cheeld."

A vigorous commotion near the entrance to Cairo caused the resting group to arise and walk over that way to see what strange thing could be happening.

A cadaverous-looking man had fallen near the

entrance and a portly-looking gentleman had run to his relief. The good Samaritan had placed a medicine case on the ground and was administering a restorative to the stricken man.

"Stand aside and give the man room and air." Some self-constituted assistant executed his orders by holding back the swiftly gathering crowd.

"No use to call for the patrol," the doctor called out. "He will be all right in a minute. He has merely fainted. The man is evidently a workman suffering from hunger. He is probably too proud to ask for assistance."

A slender, neatly-dressed young man, at this, took off his derby and very ostentatiously threw in two silver dollars, making them clink as if he were testing their genuineness. Then he passed around his hat. It reached Uncle Jeremiah and he was about to throw in a piece of money for the starving workman, when a shrill voice cried out, "Don't you do it, Uncle Jerry. I seed them same three fellers do the same act in the Japanese village."

The philanthropic young man turned as if passing his hat on to others, but in a moment he was out of the crowd and passing swiftly from view among the throng of pedestrians. The astonished bystanders could not turn from pity to anger soon enough to intercept the tricksters. The fainting man had, indeed, rapidly recovered under the doctor's specifics,

Then He Passed Around His Hat.

and the doctor himself was too modest to be seen. The precious trio had vanished.

"How did you happen to be here?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah, rather vaguely, in the midst of his surprise.

"O, I jist seed them fellers do it over at the Japanese place," said Squint, "and I jist been follerin' them around to see 'em do it again."

"Well, let's go take a drink," said Uncle Jeremiah. "I see a place back here where they've got lemonade."

The quintet repaired at once to the place of refreshment, to drown their incidental distrust of human nature in the flowing glass.

"Ain't ye got any lemonade that's red?" anxiously inquired Nora.

"No, madam, we don't keep it. Red lemonade would have to be imported. We can't color St. Louis water."

"Do tell!" exclaimed Nora. "I heard a woman say that the worst thing about St. Louis was its water, and the other wan said, slightingly, 'O, that's a matter of taste.' I thought the color might kill the microobes."

All were drinking their lemonade with much relish when Squint called out, "Say, Nora, what for do you pull down your veil and drink through it?"

"Ah, shut up, you meddlin' spalpeen," Nora re-

plied, much annoyed. "You should not spake to a loidy who is drinking. Sure, don't I want to strain out the microobs from the water? Sure, we can't stop to boil it."

The quintet walked on in subdued silence. Just ahead of them a man and woman were walking along quite briskly with a rather tired looking boy tagging at their heels. A dozen Algerians came by, led by two who were making some weird music upon reeds modeled like a fife. The boy stopped, entranced, while the parents walked on and were lost sight of in the crowds.

Presently the boy discovered that he was alone. He gave out a few yells and then began to run around in a circle with all the kinds of sounds that a boy can make. Women began to crowd around. Two passing guards came up. Two or three women knelt around the child and distracted him with strange faces and stranger questions. A dozen or more men were deployed in a ring on the outskirts watching the motherly efforts of the women. The boy became more and more dazed and alarmed at so much unexpected and unaccountable attention. Two young women and a man began to part their way through the crowd for snap shots with their cameras. Then there was a large commotion. A woman came yelling down the Pike and charged into the crowd. Her husband followed close behind, saying,

"O, for heaven's sake, Gracie, don't make a spectacle of yourself. The kid'll turn up all right."

But such was the force of custom that all would

A Woman Came Yelling Down the Pike.

have pronounced her a heartless mother if she had not done just that way.

Notwithstanding the excitement, Nora was still in a roiled state of feelings as the crowd began to

thin out and take to its several ways. She noticed that a spry-looking young man was standing in rather familiar proximity.

"Hello, Bridget," he said, smilingly, lifting his hat as to an old acquaintance, "which way are you going?"

"An' how did ye find out that my name was Bridget?"

"Guessed it."

"Well, sor," she answered, loftily, "ye may guess which way I'm going an' make tracks the other way like a brindle calf in weanen time, whin I hoist me foot in its flanks."

The crowd swallowed him up and Nora kept step with Uncle Jeremiah till she forgot it.

"Ho, ho," cried Squint. "Jist clap yer eyes onto the sign."

He pointed out a peculiar sign over the narrow doorway of a booth.

"Beer, Sausages, Hot Lunch, Dancing Girls, 25 cents."

"That's cheap, Uncle Jerry," said Squint, "an' I'm gettin' hungry. I s'pose we should order the girls boiled."

Uncle Jerry did not see any room for a reply and they passed on to the end of the street.

Squint observed a familiar form in a big crowd that was gathered about the entrance of one of

the shows and straightway brought forth Master Ethelbert to his companions.

"I thought you were among the electricity exhibits," said Uncle Jeremiah.

"Well, I just got interested along here and forgot it," he answered, apologetically.

"O, I know," said Squint, "why he didn't go there. He's afraid some of the 'lectricity might get away and bump into him. When I go there I want to go in a rubber bag."

"I guess temptations overcame his good intentions," returned Uncle Jeremiah. "Many a young man before him has started out along the royal road of knowledge and ended in the Pike of life."

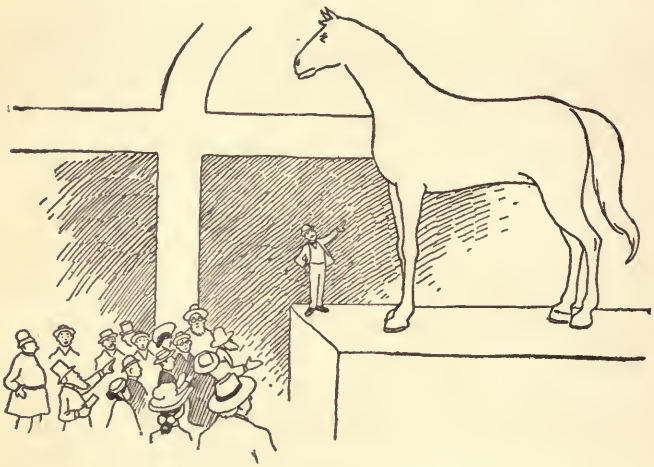
Ethelbert looked as though his feelings were suffering a kind of green-apple misery and Uncle Jeremiah let them glide into the general merriment, as they were now all alike walking the Pike together. Presently, as they passed the end of the Transportation building Nora ran to an entrance for a glimpse and came back immediately with tragedy written in her face. Her companions stopped.

"I just walked right under a horse as high as a house," she exclaimed, "and I ran away from it right into a railroad accident where dozens of people all cut up are lying in a heap; arms and legs and heads! It's awful!"

Such an exciting novelty all wanted to see and

they hastened in. Squint got there first and his yell of delight greeted them as they approached.

"A wood horse and a pack of broke-up dummies," he explained, and their nerves began to slow down, but Nora continued to look wild for at least half an hour. Before them loomed the great spectre



A Horse as High as a House.

that had so long been a relic of the Midway Plaisance at the Columbian Exposition. Uncle Jeremiah looked musingly at the big Ferris wheel, which had been brought from Chicago and re-christened "Observation Wheel."

"This is a toy for men as a merry-go-round is for children," he soliloquized. "It is a kind of symbol

also of life. We rise higher and higher to the lights of our hopes, catching glimpses of landscapes and strange villages of other nations, with little real knowledge of things seen, so swiftly do we pass. Then they all begin to be blurred into one another as we reach the top. Nothing is close and complete but our family and friends in the same car. We hear the coarse grind of machinery from some power wholly beyond us to touch or to hold. There is no rest, no solitude, no peace. By and by the grinding ceases and we are back to the earth, from whence we came, close to nothingness and the sod. Darkness falls, the night comes on, and it has profited us nothing if we have gained the whole world and yet found nothing else."

"Isn't it funny," interrupted Helena. "Such a big wheel with such a little hub."

"Wouldn't it make a fine wheel for Niagara Falls," commented Ethelbert. "Just like Niagara Falls, it doesn't look half so big till you get under it and look up; then it looks as if it were plowing the clouds."

The long walls of the Agricultural building loomed up before them beyond the gaily decked building of France, and they went on around toward it till they saw the tops of the Filipino houses, when they turned across Arrow-head Lake and were in the midst of the exhibit of our far-away colonies. Num-

bers of the Filipino soldiers in the regular army of the United States passed, neat and trim as any persons ever seen in the government service. Near where these soldiers were encamped was the bamboo stockade in which were kept the breech-clouted, but otherwise naked, Igorrotes, from the mountains of Luzon. Their tribe was head-hunters that had never been conquered during all the three hundred years of Spanish occupation.

Ethelbert became busy with his notebook. He found the white man in charge and asked many questions. He noted among the peculiarities of the Igorrotes that they rear dogs for food as civilized folks do hogs. Note: What is the æsthetic distinction, anyway, between a dog and a hog? They hunt with blow guns. They live in the mountains of Luzon and are afraid of thunder. The women wear combs made of bamboo. Their huts are built in the thickets. They chew betel nuts. The women and men exchange a handful of rice and that is marriage. The United States government report calls them head-hunters. The American soldiers call them jungle hornets. Their chief priest or medicine man is never allowed to die a natural death. As soon as he is sick his chief pupil is sworn in and kills him to prevent death having the victory.

But there was a never-ending series of discoveries to be recorded concerning the differences between

the yellow and white races. Every exhibit and custom seemed to be reversed in the people of the Orient from those in the Occident. He completed this record with peculiarities of the Chinese and Japanese. The front pages of their magazines are in the back and their back covers in front. They read from right to left in lines that run perpendicular. They shake their own hands. They always keep purposely out of step in walking. To be polite, they put their hats on instead of taking them off. They whiten their boots instead of blackening them. They put their heels, not their toes, in stirrups when riding. They arrange the compass to point south. They esteem the seeds of melons a greater delicacy than the meat. They have ceremony and the formality of social relationships in the place of morality and their religion is entirely a creed of philosophy.

From the Filipino village they passed on by way of the Horticultural building toward the camp of the Boers. As they came into the road near the south end of the Agricultural building their attention was attracted by a loud yell, which was so confused in sound as to give little idea of the direction from whence it came.

They were approaching a group of men standing in a peculiar attitude between the two buildings.

"Hello!" yelled one of them.

As there was no one else near for them to call to

like that, the Stumpburg folks were mystified, if not startled, at such familiarity.

They stopped near the men to satisfy their curiosity as to the cause of such familiarity.

"Hello!" cried another, and a distinct hello was heard twice repeated.

"We are listening at this echo," explained one of the men. "Sometimes we can hear it repeated three times. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I can't call it specially wonderful," replied one of the men. "We had at my town when I was a boy an echo between the bluffs of our little river which would repeat the sound of a revolver shot five times, and the last was like the crack of a whip."

"That's nothing," replied another. "In my town we had an echo between two churches that would repeat seven times a loud yell of any kind and the last would be a distinct 'Amen.' "

"Pshaw!" exclaimed another. "You folks haven't heard real live echoes. There was one between two hills near where I lived that would repeat, aloud, 'who's there' nine times and the last was a very impolite yell of 'None of your business.' "

"Those two hills weren't as intelligent as two near my home," replied another. "A colony of Irishmen lived on one hill slope and a colony of Germans on the other. At sundown a German would yell, 'Katzenyammer Irish,' and that voice would

bound back and forth between those hills till dark, when the last sound heard was 'Sauerkraut Dutch.' "

"That's nothing compared with what I heard at a place among the Alps," returned another.

But Uncle Jeremiah spread out his arms and swept the Stumpburg bunch onward so that they could survive the fall in imagination from the heights of such echo stories.

"Is anyone getting tired?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah.

Tired! No one had thought of such a thing, but there was a significant consultation of watches. It was now noon and they had entered the grounds at nine o'clock!

"I feel as hollow," said Ethelbert, "as one of those echo stories."

"And I feel," said Nora, "as weak as a bag-pipe after a shindig."

"A table exhibit in the nearest restaurant would be a glorious sight," added Matilda, "and there's a sign of one over there by the bridge."

The Stumpburg visitors hastened that way and were soon seated in expectant anticipation of refreshments as exquisite and exhilarating as the sights and scenes of the great fair.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY.

Uncle Jeremiah consulted the bill of fare and made out his order according to his estimate of the individual appetites. The tables were crowded and the wait was long for impatient persons to be served. Accustomed to the general familiarity of country people, mutual curiosity and talkativeness soon opened the way to conversation with near neighbors as a necessary means to pass away the waiting intervals.

"Are you a native of St. Looey?" inquired the gallant young man sitting next to Nora at the table.

"A phat?"

Nora would have said "what," but her brogue was flexible and broadened according to her perplexity.

"Are you a native of this city?" the young man repeated.

Helena saw that she was bewildered.

"Nora," she exclaimed in a disgusted tone, "don't you know what native is? He wants to know if you were living here when you were born, or if you were born before you had begun to be living here."

"How can I tell?" she replied to the query. "I was only beginning to run around whin me father and mither left auld Ireland. But I'm a Hoosier, now," she continued to the young man, "and if you iver come within visitin' distance of my home I hope ye may sthop there as long as ye plaze and thin you may find out if I am a native or not."

In the contemplation of such a dubious suggestion the young man waxed into silence.

Squint was sorely puzzled at a man across the table from him. He studied the gentleman with an interest that developed into a countenance blank with indecision. The man ate his dinner unconcernedly, but his right eye was fastened on Squint, and it never veered nor winked. Squint became uneasy. He swayed far over to one side and then to the other, but the eye never changed. It began to appear to him as if it were as big as a full moon rising red from behind the shaggy lines of a distant grove. Presently a terrorizing thought seized him. He had heard of the evil eye and the hypnotic spell. A man with such an eye must be a demon. But he had met and vanquished many a ghostly object about his granny's house, in many a black night, and he didn't propose to surrender without a struggle. Leaning forward he said in a high-keyed whisper, "Mister, be ye lookin' at me?"

The man's left eye turned up from his plate and joined the other one in looking at Squint.

"Be ye lookin' at me?" the boy repeated, for lack of knowing what else to say.

"Blarst you fool kids," he exclaimed. "That eye's glass and don't see nothing."

Squint took another prolonged look as the man's real eye went down again to the plate, and for the rest of the meal was the quietest boy in the fair grounds.

"These are two fine little boys you have," said Uncle Jerry to a young woman who was sitting near him at the table, and endeavoring to satisfy the appetites of two very hungry lads.

"Yes, sir," she said, respectfully. "They are sister's."

"Do you mean they are brothers?" he corrected. "Yes, sir; no, sir," she exclaimed in rapid contradiction. "I mean they are my sister's."

"Don't you mean they are your brothers?" he persisted, much perplexed.

"O, dear me," she wailed, "is there no way to get it right? I mean that these brothers are my sister's boys."

Then it dawned on the doubtful questioner and he said, "O, yes, I see," and the medley of errors made further conversation seem risky, if not undesirable.

"They Are Sister's."

Here was a good opportunity for him to see what to do next and he consulted his map of the grounds in order to save unnecessary walking. Seeing that a station of the intramural railway was near, he turned his flock that way and took a car across to the plateau of states. Seated there comfortably by open windows, they had a fine view of the great picture of buildings, and the inspiration of the scene came in deep breaths of exulting enthusiasm for the genius and enterprise of the American people.

"Think," said Uncle Jeremiah, "of the president in Washington, a thousand miles away, pressing a button that sets in motion the vast machinery of this massive world's workshop. In that act was the quintessence of 19th century intelligence. Therein was a union of dead and living men, who are speaking with the work to all the world. The dignity and nobility of 80,000,000 people was there gathered about that button in the form of president, his cabinet and the supreme court of the United States. And yet, the government of France cut off Lavoisier's head with the guillotine, not so many years ago, because they had enough of scientific men! The pomp of kings may be awe-inspiring, but what has been their combined worth to the world in comparison with the combined thought of the immortal thinkers who have made the industrial wonders

housed in this great exposition, this amazing concert of human intelligence?

"Surely," continued Uncle Jeremiah, "no one can come here and fail to find inspiration in all his highest ideals, nor go away unsatisfied with what he has seen. The lover of architecture has unparalleled examples of every kind at every turn. The artist can see an idealist's dream from the views along the terrace of States. The florist and the botanist can find the most exquisite forms of vegetation in the prospects about the Agricultural building. The curiosity-seeker in every phase of human life can find all he can use along the by-ways of the Pike.

"Think of a show that requires one hundred and twenty-eight acres of floor space to house its delicate exhibits and twelve hundred and forty acres to hold it all. Including all buildings there are three hundred acres under roof! The agricultural display, requiring to be covered, has a building whose roof is over twenty-three acres, not to mention the vast quantities and varieties shown in special buildings and elsewhere. It shows where the farmers stand, in the importance of the industrial world.

"The amount of money expended is already above fifty millions, and is expected to be at least five millions more before the fair is closed. That is greater, indeed, than any four of the greatest fairs

ever held before, a $50,000,000 show given to a visitor for fifty cents!

"The lumber used in the construction of the buildings would floor a carriage roadway twice around the world, and would require a freight train five hundred miles long to haul it. It represents the work of one hundred and twenty thousand men for a year or more. The electrical display at night is sufficient to light up the houses and streets of all London. The Philippine exhibit covers forty acres and cost a million dollars to establish. Only in such special comparisons and statements can we appreciate this enormous enterprise whose instruction, entertainment and profit is ours only at the cost of a few dollars and a few days' time.

"World's Fairs are collected samples of all the treasures in the discovery and invention of man. They are specialized epitomes of art, education and science. Social or religious problems are discussed by the most learned and advanced men of the times. Dynamos, locomotives, telescopes, printing presses, destructive artillery and all the articles that skill and industry can produce in the comfort, welfare and progress of the human race, are classified and housed here that any one may see and learn what is being done by men and governments."

Their car stopped at the southeast corner of the grounds and they found themselves in the midst of

a city of states, each of which was represented by a house characteristic in some way, or emblematic of the commonwealth which it represented.

"What made us get off so quick?" petulantly inquired Helena. "Is that why it is called the intra-mule railroad?"

"No, it is because it goes so slow," answered Nora.

Ethelbert laughed.

"The premises of your scientific debate are wrong," said he. "It is not intra-mule but intra-mural. Intra means within. Mural means wall. So it is not within the mule but within the wall."

"That's no argument," insisted Nora. "Where is your wall? I'd as lave think I was in a mule as in a wall."

Ethelbert sheered off to the big bird cage to swallow his disgust.

Uncle Jeremiah and Helena went on over to the Indiana building and the others scattered about to see what they could see. These houses of the state were indeed home places and Uncle Jeremiah settled down in a big arm chair for an hour's rest. Helena was seated on the arm of his chair when a man came up to her and said, "Are you having a good time, little girl?"

"Just as good as I can considering my size."

"Why, could you be happier, if you were bigger?"

"Of course I could. I'd hold more."

"You are a very pretty child," said the man, familiarly. "I like pretty children. I have no child, so I must like other children."

So far Uncle Jeremiah had been musing and did not notice him, except indistinctly to have a kind sentiment for one who was gentle and tender toward a child.

"Let Me Kiss You."

"I like a pretty child. Let me kiss you."

Uncle Jeremiah's feeling of sympathy changed from pity to a tinge of alarm.

The child turned from him.

"Let me kiss you," he repeated, "or I'll hit that old man in the face."

She gave a look at Uncle Jeremiah and turned to yield the kiss.

Uncle Jeremiah interposed.

"The child shall have no one kiss her against her wish and pleasure or proper propriety." He began to realize that the man bore the appearance of one

not altogether responsible for his conduct from the influence of liquor.

The intruder hesitated.

"Move on," said Uncle Jeremiah, "before I call a guard and have you arrested."

He moved on.

"Were you going to let that stranger kiss you?" asked Uncle Jeremiah in reproachful indignation.

She looked up with a suffering countenance.

"I thought he was going to hit you. I didn't want the man to hit my Uncle Jeremiah."

"Never mind, my child," said Uncle Jeremiah, half choking at this evidence of her child-love, "there is not power enough in the world to make it necessary for even a child to do wrong.

"Be polite to all," he continued, "but do not let any one be too familiar with you and you need not fear anybody."

A gentlemen having a distinct Southern appearance took a seat near by.

"I am supprised, sah, an' supprise is no wohd fo' it," he said, "how almighty smaht you nothenes is."

Uncle Jeremiah smiled complacently at the flattery.

"By heaven, sah, everah man, from child to grandmotha, know I is from Virginea. Of co'se, I don't mind, yo' know, but it is so queeah. Yestiday a po'

lookin' fella stopped me an' say, 'May I speak to you a minute?' I said, 'I reckon, sah.' 'I too am fom the sunny southern country,' he said, 'fom New Owleens. I had all my money stole, sah, an' I am hongry.' He seed mah han' go to mah pocket and he stopped. I could see he was smackin' his lips, an' his mouth was a watahin'. I gave him two bits, just one quataw fo' a squah meal. He grinned and I cawt on that he had neverah been fathah south in his life than right heah at the aidge of Gawd's own home country."

His story told, he arose and moved, for there was too much to see for any able-bodied man to waste precious time in sitting still very long.

Helena was flinging her hat around by the ribbon in long circles when an old negro of ministerial aspect came walking by. Her hat struck him on the head, slipped from her hand and went sailing away before the smart breeze. He speedily recovered it for her, and, as she thanked him he asked, "What is your name, little girl?"

"Evans," she answered.

"I mean your first name."

"I told you it is Evans," she said. "My second name is Helena, and my third name is Elenor."

The darkey shook his head.

"I kaint understand you.

"Well, my name was Evans as soon as I was

born. Three days after, my father was asked for my given name so I could be put down in the records of the city and he said Helena to honor my mother,

"What is Your Name?"

whose name is Helen. Last year I named myself Elenor. So, Elenor is my third and last name up to the present time."

"What's your name?" she asked in turn.

"George Washington."

"Really? Are you the Washington that cut down the cherry tree?"

"No," he replied thoughtfully. "I kaint say that I am, for I ain't done no work for nigh on to a year. Must a bin some one as tuck my name to git out of trouble."

"There comes Ethelbert," said Helena. "Looks as if he were reading a letter."

Ethelbert was coming across the road with his eyes fixed on a sheet of paper held before him.

"While I was roving around here," he said as he came up, "I had an inspiration to compare the city and the farm. Read it and see if I'm a poet."

Uncle Jeremiah read:

"How sweet to dream of the farmer's lot,
From pleasing shades to his humble cot!
While in the rest of the trees he lies,
He hears the song of zephyrs rise,
Free from wasting arts of modern life,
Their strenuous hopes and envious strife.
The music of birds and childhood's glee
Echo the wind-songs of every tree.

"The fragrance of a thousand flowers
Assails his senses through all the hours
Where earth and heaven in concord meet
To lay their beauties about his feet,
While all around sweet nature's choir
Awake the meadows and the groves inspire.

"Then the flush of health swells through his veins,
To a power of thought no monarch knows,
The world sinks down with all its pains,
And universal splendor glows.
He now looks forth on fancied wealth,
The glory of great fame
And henceforth feels no need of stealth
To crown the greatness of his name.

"His calm domain the waving harvests cover,
A gracious paradise for sage or lover.
With holy warmth his musings to beguile
The playful sunbeams on his landscapes smile.
The varying tints without reserve are spread,
As night descending settles 'round his head,
And over all its darkening mantle throws,
Inviting labor to sweet sleep's repose."

"I believe I can beat that," said Uncle Jeremiah. "Let's see what I can do in the way of poetic inspiration as to the facts of a farmer's journey to the city and his appreciation."

Uncle Jeremiah wrote beneath Ethelbert's effusion as follows:

I love to steal awhile away,
From every cumb'ring care
And buy a half-fare ticket
For all the St. Louis Fair.

When I have spent a week or so
And seen the Fair so great,
Perhaps I'll steal away to ride
Back on a homeward freight.

These poetic inspirations were rudely interrupted by a very unpoetic incident.

A horse drawing a cart came by with a heavy load. A wheel struck against a curb stone and jerked the horse back. He stopped. The driver yelled at him to go on but he respected the sign of the curb stone more than he did his master and so refused to budge. In a minute the people gathered around with advice, a great crowd of them, with opinions unlimited.

"Twist his ears," cried one.

"Twist his tail," advised another.

"Back the cart."

"Jerk the left rein."

"Blindfold him."

"Strike a match under his nose."

"Get an ear of corn."

"Kick his knees."

"Tell him about Mary's lamb."

"Repeat the 109th Psalm."

"Be kind to him," broke in a shrill feminine voice, and the crowd applauded.

"I know what I'd do, don't you?" said a wag.

By this time there was such a crowd around that the horse couldn't move, if he had wanted to.

"Back here, get back," said a Jefferson guard, opening a way in front of the animal. The people fell to one side, and the horse, seeing a chance to

The Horse Balked.

escape, gave a steady hump or two at his load and walked away, with the cheers of three or four hundred spectators.

The excitement had brought the Stumpburg people together and they started on to complete their way around the World's Exposition. They came from the Plateau of States and took a peep into the Government building. Then with a glance into the Liberal Arts building they passed through the U. S. War Field Hospital grounds. They went through the central street of the Model City and made a close examination of all the appliances and plans therein. Presently they found themselves again at Lindell entrance. Uncle Jeremiah looked at his watch. Time had flown. It was five o'clock and people were streaming through the entrance homeward. The Stumpburg folks followed and boarded the shuttle train in the Wabash station. Such trains! No wonder they were called shuttle trains. They went back and forth like a weaver's shuttle. An engine was at each end. Here the rural visitors found for the first time that they were weary. The chase was done, the excitement over and the collapse was on them. They were glad when the few blocks were gone over from the Union station and they were at rest in their rooms at the hotel.

CHAPTER V.

WRITING HOME ABOUT THE FAIR.

Stumpburg was hungry and the most appreciated way to dispose of its fatigue was in resting around the dining room table. Besides, it was meal time and the clatter in the white robed portion of the hotel indicated that people were eating. Stumpburg made its toilet hastily, and with commendable swiftness made its appearance at the place of refreshments. Uncle Jeremiah was not yet present and the others kept the waiter waiting, for they were by no means certain that they could order what they needed without their chaperone's assistance. There was a sigh of relief when he appeared, and the period of martyrdom while waiting for the waiter to serve them was passed over in silence. Then the meal was quickly dispatched and the interests of evening in the city were before them.

Everybody in the hotel seemed to be engaged during the evening in letter writing, and Nora concluded that she should not only follow the fashion but show the home folks that she had really arrived at the far-away world of wonders. She selected August's mother as the most appropriate person. Those two were the sole members of the household.

which through August's close and industrious habits had built up a thrifty and prosperous farm. Neither of them had any time for such useless arts as reading and writing, therefore some one would be asked to read her letter and she would thus have its contents well spread about the neighborhood. And thus she wrote:

"Dear Mither Freeda:

"It's a woonderful, woonderful, woonderful show. I had a great great soorprise. Who should I boomp up against but Pat McGinnis when the last worrud he tole me wuz at choorch. He said, said he, sich a shoow wuz only for doods and oristercrats, an' he woodn't be kot in sich a crowd. And sure enough it was not Pat, but another man just as good.

"O it's a woonderful, woonderful, woonderful show. The guards, an pleecemen and solgeers are grate. An friendly, O my! They all no me as if since my granny was in auld Ireland.

"It is indade a woonderful, woonderful, woonderful panoramy.

"I saw wan pleeceman take a woman to a keerage with a box top and a dure. They shut her in the box with two other pleecemen, an I axed some wan how did she get the ride with the pleecemen an the perlite gintlemen said she wuz too strong, being a shoplifter. He did not no how strong I am or I might a got a ride to.

"It is a verry, verry, verry woonderful fair, which I will tell you all when I come.

"NORA."

Matilda finally persuaded Squint that it was his duty to write to his grandmother. After an enormous amount of laborious exertion, he succeeded as follows:

MY Dear Granny:

"I suppose you bin werry ankshus to no if I am holdin my own.

"I am.

"Shorely, though it's harder than I expected.

"I wont tell you bout nothing till I get back with somun to prove up by, fer if I do I wont have any karackter when I get back. Some things are biggern I expectud, some less, mostly otherwise. I'd never git tired seeing things but Im nearly wore down keeping dressed up. Its werry panefool.

"Please have the ole close slung crost the bedsted so I kin git into them at onct, an go out an woller in the straw stack.

"Got a grate joke on Uncle Jerry. He wouldnt go to the Woman's bildin an I said as I suppose why cause sure nuff its leep yeer and hes been married onct.

"Got one on Nora.

"She said why they dont have any windows an nothin but skylites in the picture building. I said I

know why. She said why. So you cant look out at the cows.

"Got one on Ethelbert.

"Found a day before paper some one had thrun away. Got nuther boys hat. Pulled it down over my face and came up to Ethelbert yelling, Horrible accident. Two hundred and seventy five thousand people burned to death in Stumpburg, Hooppole township, Posey county, Indiana. Ethelbert got excited. Give me a dime an I walked off without giving change. He was not satisfied. Here you scamp he yelled, give me back my money. Its a lie. Nothing in the paper. He came after me and I said you must be an orful broot not to be ten cents thankful for it being a mistake, and getting mad cause he couldnt find it in the paper. Then he recog nized me and I had to hoof it to get way frum the spanks.

"Got one on Matilda.

"She looked at a sine on some furs and she sed I guess this exhibit is Rooshin. The mans name souns Rooshin. It was HANZOFF. I guess the fellow was a furriner and couldnt spell.

"Got one on Helena.

"Herd fine music las nite. Whats that said Matilda. I know said the kid. Its the fountain playin. Herd em say it would play tnight.

"O my Im tired writin.

"Got one on myself.

"Pade five cents to paste splasher puttin up picters on wall for to see em.

"Other people looked for nothing.

"Writins wors than plowin.

"Comin Home in three days, if money goes like today.

"SQUINT."

The streets were as great a curiosity to Ethelbert as the fair grounds and his first day of sight-seeing had not dampened his desire to see more. As soon as his supper was ended he took up his hat.

"You tired folks," he said, "can go to your rooms and get to bed. I'm going to take a walk."

The shop windows of the big stores were a revelation in arrangement, quality and quantity. He walked on and on till he suddenly became aware that he had passed out of the business district and that he was not sure whether he was coming or going.

He stopped irresolutely under a lamp-post, when a smiling young woman came up to a window, containing a display of jewelry, and leisurely surveyed the gems.

He was startled at seeing what appeared to be the most beautiful and becoming looking woman he had ever beheld. She was a vision of whiteness and color rivalling the gems in which she was so interested. Perhaps like him she was a visitor at the Fair.

Presently she turned and met his admiring gaze.

"Why, hello," she exclaimed. "You here? I was just wishing for some one to take me home."

"I'm afraid you are mistaken in me," he replied, "and I think I am lost myself."

She was about to pass on at this supposed rebuff, when he remembered that fortune is said to knock but once, and only once, at every man's door. This might be one of the select ladies of the city's aristocracy, and perhaps she was really interested in him.

"Pardon me," he said in perspiring confusion, "but I would be pleased to see you home, if it would be any accommodation to you."

She was momentarily puzzled to know if this innocence was real or assumed, but a single look at the youth was enough for her practiced eyes.

"You're all right," she said sweetly smiling as she took his arm. "If you are lost, then I will take you to my hotel."

So she owned a hotel and he felt sure he was right in thinking that this dazzling creature was one of the highest society and wealth. Perhaps she was one of the society angels who did such noble deeds in caring for the good of others. He remembered that he had heard of society angels. Her interest in him was so beautifully kind of her that his respect and admiration rose high for the superiority of this woman over those he had known.

She chatted pleasantly and entertainingly as they

moved along and he was charmed with her fine breeding and culture, till they came to a flaring sign enclosing a glaring electric light. She drew him toward the door over which he had read the words, "Family Entrance."

"Is this where you live?" he asked in a revolution of astonishment.

"Is This Where You Live?"

"Oh, I hang out here," she replied, "when they won't let me into a better joint."

His illusion fled. He wheeled and hurried away as if pursued by a pestilence.

"Lor!" he exclaimed, catching his breath, "look at me running off with myself. Guess I'll find out where I am."

"Sir," he said to the first well dressed pedestrian he met, "pardon me, but I would like——"

"Not on your life," brusquely replied the pedestrian, moving on, "you don't touch me for anything to-night."

He did not understand this jargon, but laid it to the unaccommodating manners of city people.

"Pardon me," he began to the next reliable-looking passer-by.

"No you don't," this one exclaimed. "I'm not helping anyone to get back home to a dying mother on this night."

This was bewildering as well as discouraging.

"Say, I want to know if you'll be so kind——" he hurriedly spoke to the next one.

"No, my boy, I won't be so kind. I know your story" replied the stranger. "You had a longing for learning and you left the farm right in harvest time and you must get back to help your widowed mother, but you were robbed at the fair. O, no, my boy, not to-night."

A light dawned on Ethelbert. He was being taken for a beggar. This made him desperate.

"Say, where am I?" he yelled at the next one.

"Yer in Saint Looie, pard, if ye ain't in bug-

house," was the unexpected reply, as the stranger passed on.

He was unnerved. This was enough to make one

"Not on Your Life.

think of suicide. He was nearing the corner when his attention was caught by a whirling object that came out from the open hall-way by a show-window of second-hand goods and appeared walking toward him like a double headed manikin. Before he could

realize his fright, there was another swift whirl about and Squint stood before him, right end up.

Ethelbert seized him as if he were a life preserver and told him with many emphatic repetitions of his joy at seeing him.

"O, they just got little 'larmed 'bout ye," he said, "and sent me out to find ye and I done it, 'thout going far. Our boardin' house is jest two doors 'round the corner."

Ethelbert appeared among the familiar forms of his Stumpburg friends looking decidedly sheepish, and he was glad to find them too busy writing letters to suspect his adventure. But to relieve himself he felt compelled to say something.

"I'm disgusted with the city," he exclaimed, "and I'll be glad when this sight-seeing is over so I can get back where people have some sense."

Nora was the only one who heard him and she heartily sympathized with his views.

"Talk about nonsense in the country," said Nora, reflectively, "why, the foolishness is just running over in the city, especially on perliteness. Why, for example I says, says I, to a man at the table, just for common friendliness, 'It looks like rain.' And he said to me, says he, 'Beg pawdon,' looking at me queer. I said, 'Sir, I am innocent and I have not yet come so low as to beg,' and he just says, 'beg pawdon,' as if he didn't know any other words. I

heard a young lady kind a gulp up, and she says, says she, 'Beg pawdon,' as if she wanted to 'tract everyone's attention to it. Simply awful the way people here want you to take notice of everything they do by talking about it. And manners, why, they have been raised awful!"

She was disgusted also and she decided to go on to her room.

It was dark in her room, regardless of the light in the hall, and she endeavored in vain to light a match by striking it on the wall before her. A porter was passing and she called on him to help her out of her difficulties. He readily struck a match on the seat of his trousers and handed the little torch to her with a grin of masculine superiority.

"The divil fly away wid ye," she said scornfully; "do ye think I'll hunt all over the house ivery time I can't find anything better to sthrike a match on than the sate of yer britches?"

The dumbounded porter found the door closed in his face and he went his way wondering if there was any place where a laugh came in.

Nora raised the window to let in some fresh air when the last notes of wheezy music from a hand organ poured in to entrance her for a moment. Then she turned with a sigh to the mirror on her dresser and thought numerous things. As the music ended, she began feeling about for pin-heads in the

first beginnings of disrobing, when there was a scratching noise on the window outside, that distracted her attention for the moment from the scaling garments and half-extracted fasteners.

There had been little time to think when a black body bounded through the window upon the bed and was met by a scream that was neighbor to a panic. The impish-looking form was the organ grinder's monkey and it went back out through the window with little attention to method of locomotion. In a moment, the members of the Stumpburg family were around her inquiring what had happened.

"Look out of the window quick," she cried, "and see if I have had a delooshion or a rael imp from the infoornal raygens."

Helena climbed over the bed to the window.

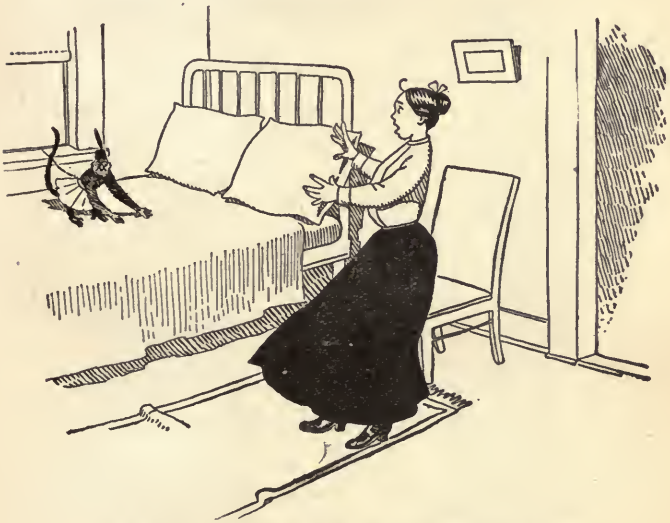
"O, it's just a dear little Italian monkey, looking for pennies," she said.

"Give them to him, give them to him," repeated Nora, "and tell him the next time to knock at the dure befoor distoorbing a lady's privacy like that. He's no gintleman and I'll nivver spake to another Italian as long as I live. They're no gintlemen, at all, at all."

When Nora's nerves were reassured, her friends left her to complete her preparation for sleep, and she closed the window fast, determined that no more

peeping-Toms of the Italian tribe should have another such chance.

In due time, Stumpburg was sleeping the sleep of the tired, if not of the righteous, recuperating for another exhaustive and exhausting day.



"A Rael Imp from the Infoornal Raygens!"

Helena disliked very much to be left alone in bed, but Nora preferred to let her sleep as long as she would in the morning. Therefore, not long after daylight, she went noiselessly into the next room to Matilda's wash stand and left the door open.

Presently Helena gave a yell.

"Come quick! There's a mouse in here."

"Not after such a yell," said Nora. "If he is, he's petrified."

"Yes there is," persisted Helena. "I heard him nibblin' behind the trunk."

"It was only yer teeth rubbin' together in a drame," replied Nora.

"It's not," vigorously returned the child, "for I heard his feet a tramping and his tail a dragging across the floor."

"Poor thing," said Matilda, appearing in the doorway, "have you been much frightened?"

"O, yes," answered Nora, "the poor thing has been unconscious nine hours."

"Mercy on us!" gasped Matilda, "how was that?"

"She was fast aslape."

Sounds from the next room indicated that the male members of the Stumpburg set were bestirring themselves, and another day had in reality begun.

Uncle Jeremiah was already out taking his morning walk. As he turned the corner on the return toward his hotel, he saw an elderly woman standing at the mail box wiping her eyes and bewailing misfortune as if in great distress.

"What's the matter?" said he, approaching her.

"O, sir!" she exclaimed, "surely, you will help me. Just now I mailed a letter holding my glasses in the same hand and I dropped my glasses in in-

stead of the letter. Now I can't see anything without them. I can hardly find my way along the street. Can't you open this box and get them for me?"

"I Dropped My Glasses In!"

"Open the mail box?" he asked incredulously. "Break into the United States mail?"

"Why, sir," she cried, "that could be no harm.

The glasses belong to me. The government can not use them."

"Why, that would land me in jail," he affirmed. "You must wait till the letter collector comes around. It tells on the box about the time he will be here."

Something glittering inside of her half opened parasol caught his attention.

"What is that down there in your parasol?"

She drew up the mentioned article and hastily picked out the shining object.

"Well, I'll be switched if it ain't my glasses," she joyfully cried. "How in the name of time did they get there?"

Uncle Jeremiah made no attempt to answer that profound question, but walked on to the hotel musing upon the uncertainty of opinion and the unreliability of human judgment.

CHAPTER VI.

DON QUIXOTE AND HIS STRANGE ADVENTURES.

The Stumpburg sextette were now familiar enough with going and coming and the youngsters felt able to get out of Uncle Jeremiah's shadow without fear.

Matilda had brought her camera and she was so anxious to use it that Ethelbert secured her permit and she set forth on the second day with keen anticipation and the camera dangling about her shoulders. The Pike being the most interesting place for snap-shots, she led the way there, but she did not find anything worthy of her instrument till she got into Cairo. Squint mounted a camel and the sight was ludicrous enough for the beginning of her pictures.

In the concession of Fair Japan, she found a pretty group of babies seated upon a mat. She unslung the little machine from her shoulder and set it for a picture. A number of curiosity seekers crowded up to see what she was doing. Their sudden interest made her nervous and hasty. The click of the spring in her camera caused her to realize that she had taken a snap-shot of the inquisitive onlookers in-

stead of the little group of children playing on the outspread mat.

"You wanta peekture?" said a Japanese boy who was watching over the children. "Leta stan' by rose tree."

Squint and the Kodak.

She arranged her camera again while the boy placed the mat and the babies where the view would be untroubled by outsiders.

The picture taken, she set her camera on a box near by and began to talk with the little ones while

the boy acted as interpreter. When she turned to go her camera had disappeared. She looked inquiringly around, but the passing stream of sight-seers were unconscious and uninterested in her discomfiture. She ran about here and there among the visitors, but no camera was in sight. Remembering that Ethelbert and Squint had but a few minutes before been looking at some curios in the tea house, she ran that way and met them looking for her.

"My camera," she cried, "some one has stolen my camera!"

"When?" inquired Ethelbert.

"Just now."

"Then the thief is not far off," cried Squint. "He had to go this way to get out. Come quick and we'll get him."

Squint darted away. They followed as rapidly as they could, but he was soon lost to them far ahead in the crowd.

Outside of the village they stood irresolutely, not knowing which way to go. A moment later they saw Squint running back to them like a little racer. They hurried toward him.

"Come on," he cried, "I've spotted the thief and hired a boy to shadow him. He's making for the entrance. Come on."

Away he went, back after the game.

Ethelbert ran after him and Matilda followed as

rapidly as she could. When she reached the entrance of the Pike, she found Ethelbert and Squint in excited debate with a middle-aged man whose appearance would not suggest the character of a thief.

A Jefferson guard held the camera.

"Here she comes," cried Squint. "Here's the owner."

Matilda took a look at the camera and from numerous signs upon it, known only to herself, at once identified it as her own.

"Yes, sir, it is mine," she declared emphatically.

"Looks dark for you," said the guard to the suspect. "I'll have to keep this camera and hold you till this matter is settled. Come with me to headquarters."

"Very well," the man answered very quietly, if not good-naturedly. "The children are merely mistaken. I think I can easily satisfy the officials on that point and dispose of the unpleasant incident."

His ease and frankness staggered his accusers as well as caused the guard to have considerable doubt.

"Then prove it to me," said the guard, "and we'll go to no further trouble about it."

"Ask him to show his permit," said Ethelbert.

"I told you," he said, "that my daughter gave me the camera just outside the Japanese gate to carry home for her. She has the permit."

"I didn't see no darter," said Squint, "an' I spotted him not twenty steps from the gate."

"Ask him to tell the name of the maker," said Ethelbert.

The man readily gave the name.

"Ask him how many plates are unused," continued the cross-examiner.

He at once named the right number.

"Seems to me you're pretty well posted," said the guard.

"He looked in. I saw him," said Squint.

"Do you know what pictures have been taken in it" asked the guard.

"Now we've got him," yelled Squint. "I'm in there on a Campbell and I reckon his darter warn't 'round there takin' me anywhere."

"I can only describe two that my girl took," he unhesitatingly answered. "I wasn't with her when she took the others."

"Come on," said the guard, "we'll soon fix this."

The man looked at his watch.

"The camera is not worth my time," interrupted the man. "I've got an important appointment to meet in half an hour and it will take me that long to get there. You keep the camera till I get back in the morning, when I will bring my daughter and prove that it is her property."

He began to move off.

"Hold on," said the guard.

He only quickened his pace.

"Stop thief!" yelled Squint, running after him without effect.

A clod of dirt before the boy was an irresistible suggestion. He seized the lump and threw it with the precision of abundant practice. It struck the man's hat and knocked it off, when a gust of wind caught it up and whirled it among a group of observers, who had stopped at the boy's words.

The man did not stop to recover his lost headgear but rushed on out of the gate.

Squint got the hat.

"Look at the game I brung down from the scrub timber," he cried exultingly. "Best souvenir on the grounds and didn't cost a cent."

"Take your camera," said the guard. "The thief isn't worth chasing."

The triumphant trio marched away, Squint, like a conqueror, wearing the derby set over his own dilapidated cap.

The girls were somewhat unnerved by this adventure and they went along the Plaza of St. Louis to the Louisiana monument, where they sat down to recover themselves. They had become well-used to queer specimens of humanity, but they were considerably disconcerted in seeing a tall, slender, dilapi-

dated man with flowing hair coming up to them. He took a seat directly before them.

"Looks like Don Quixote," said Matilda to

Struck the Man's Hat.

Helena in a low voice. "You remember the story I told you about the man who fought windmills."

"You are right," said the odd-looking man, turning to them, to the embarrassment and discomfiture of Matilda, who had not thought of his having

such keen ears as to hear her words. "I am indeed Don Quixote, and I have had far more adventures here than I ever had in Spain.

"Over there," he said, pointing to a restaurant, "I found a fair damsel enclosed within four narrow walls, known as lunch counters, the slave of those sordid creatures who came there for meat and drink. I climbed upon a parapet before the wall, otherwise called a seat by the eaters, and I said, 'Come hither, fair maiden', and presently she heeded my call. 'Canst thou not come forth from thy prison?' I asked. She drew back a pace, and I said, 'Fear not, I am thy humble knight, come to help thee to freedom.' 'O, go wan,' she answered me in unseemly words. 'Ye got a wheel in yer head.' At this uncouth rebuff I saw that she was enchanted, for such cold words could not come from the lips of one so sweet and fair. I was compelled to go sorrowfully away, for I had been deprived of my wand of disenchantment and my sword of liberation.

"Then I came into a region of fierce beasts which they told me was known in that land as an exhibit of furs. There I found another sweet woman covered in an enchantment of beastly skins and enclosed in a casement of glass.

" 'Sweet one,' I cried, 'if thou wilt but let me be thy gallant knight I will slay these monsters

and fly with you to the ends of the earth where moth doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal.'

"This called for noble courage and I would have been equal to the great task, but such was the spell over her that she answered never a word, and I could do nothing whatever without her consent.

"Then I bethought me that if I could only touch her with the heart's blood of one of those foul monsters I could loosen her tongue from its bewitchment and have her loving praise.

"Forthwith I prepared valiantly to attack one of the great beasts with a sword some knight had left standing unsheathed against the wall. But a vulgar hireling near by caught it from my hand and said, 'Sair, let go ze cane. Eet ees mine.'

"In noble tones I explained my purpose to slay the monster and set the maiden free, when he said, 'Ze anameel can do no harm till he digest hees sawdust and by zat time ze owner of ze lady take her to hair home.'

"Then I came here sorrowfully to sit and think what I shall do.

"But last night," he continued, lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper, "I had the strangest adventure of all my life."

The children's interest in the story overcame their

distrust or fear, and they leaned forward closer, not to miss a word.

"Caught It From My Hand."

"You know it was a dark night and the stroke of twelve liberated me from the bonds of my captors, who held me prisoner over there in that big hotel. I seized my lance and went forth to see what I could

do for honor and chivalry. The hush of deepest darkness enveloped everything, but my vision was keen and I safely passed the sleeping watchmen and pursued my way. I was passing those whitened beings who had been turned to stone, wondering what I could do for them, when suddenly the black air trembled with a solemn, single stroke of the big bell clock. It was a disenchantment. I saw the white figures begin to move. From each plinth, pedestal and base there came greetings to and fro so fine and keen that no mortal ear but mine could hear them.

" 'Peace be unto you all,' said one whom I recognized as Mercury, gliding swiftly by like a streak of white light.

"He stopped at the monument before the grand basin and I could see them gathering about him from all directions.

"I crept up behind the nearest pillar of the bridge, where I could closely observe them unseen, for I feared if I were discovered they might not recognize me as a knight whose life was consecrated to their cause, and they might thus thoughtlessly make it go hard with me.

"I noticed with feelings of relief, however, that this was the liberation time for only those of human form. Sharp-nosed animals might have discovered

the presence of a normal human being and my useful life might have come to an inglorious end.

"I noticed that the principal traits of human beings still remained with them.

"For instance, Diana came late, and still later Bacchus came sauntering leisurely in.

"I heard one water-nymph sneeringly say to another, 'I wouldn't dare to be seen out at such a time as this without a chaperone, would you?' 'No,' replied the other, 'I would not.' It is just such pranks as that which brings her under the suspicion of so many world ladies. She should be more discreet.

"About this time Minerva came lagging in upon the arm of the dying gladiator and I heard one of the nine muses say that she had heard she was dreadful fast.

"As all had now arrived, they joined hands and danced around the monument and sang such glorious songs as no mortal ever heard, to such sublime music that no mortal could ever hear.

" 'Come to order,' I heard one deep voice say, which I recognized as that of Jupiter.

"Instantly all seated themselves around the base of this monument.

" 'I am now ready to hear your complaints,' he said. 'Speak quickly, for the time is short.'

"Instantly there was such a hubbub that I could

only distinguish a few of the complaints, though Jupiter doubtless understood them all.

" 'A drink, a drink,' I could hear Bacchus say over all the rest. 'I sit all day by barrels and barrels of drink and never get a drop. When we signed our agreements with the managers it was understood that I should be near a fountain. They knew I could not draw liquor from those barrels.'

" 'I am an angel with wings, but I can not fly,' cried another, whose voice I did not know. 'It is an outrage to give me aspirations and desires without being allowed to gratify them.'

" 'Please make the people keep their hands off of me,' cried Venus. 'The guard tries to do so but he can't, and I am soiled and miserable with the touch and odor of their grease.'

"Suddenly the clock struck two, and, for the first time in my life, I was struck dumb with fright. There were streaks of white light in every direction as the statues flew to their places. I was wet to the skin with the splashings of those that jumped into the basin to swim the nearest way across to their pedestals.

"I sprang out upon the bridge to get out of the way, when one fell at my feet, tripped by a cruel chain that had been stretched from one of the pillars.

" 'O, sir, please help me back at once,' she cried,

in anguish, 'or I can never, never be disenchanted again, and my ankle is dreadfully sprained.'

" 'At last, at last,' I cried, 'have I found suffering lady for the chivalry of gallant knight. Where, O where is thy pedestal, and I shall hasten to carry you thither,'

" 'Alas,' she cried, 'I am the angel of progress, and if I am caught at this escapade, I am indeed undone. I stand at the right entrance of the Electricity building.'

" 'Thou shalt not,' I cried. 'By the beard of the prophet, thou shalt not be caught. I swear it.'

"With that I lifted the lovely creature in my arms and carried her swiftly across the bridge. She became heavier and heavier as I went, for she was turning back to stone, so that when I came to the pedestal it required such strength to place her there, that with this done, I fainted.

"I was aroused by the brutal toe of a guard. It was broad daylight. I turned to my lady love, as does the flower to the sun, when, what do you think?"

Here his low voice grew so hoarse that he could not speak. He shuddered at the memory and closed his eyes.

"I hope he hasn't disturbed you, children," said a man in an apologetic voice, as he took Don Quixote by the shoulder and brought him to his feet. "He's

He Took Don Quixote by the Shoulder.

quite harmless, but he eluded us some way last night and we have been searching for him ever since. He is one of several we have brought from the asylum, thinking the sights of the fair might do them some good."

Nora was the first to come back from the realms of romance.

"Well, howly mither of Moses?" she exclaimed; "I wonder phat on earth was the matter with his lady love."

"Helena Elenor Evans," she continued, giving the child a push toward the retreating figures. "You run ask him."

But Helena's curiosity was not equal to the task and the awful secret was forever lost.

Matilda drew a long breath.

"So he is crazy," she said, regretfully. "Well, who would have thought it?"

CHAPTER VII.

A FRESH ARRIVAL FROM STUMPBURG.

The letters sent homeward from the sightseers produced a profound effect in Stumpburg.

The letter of "woonderful" things produced even a profounder effect upon the feelings of August. He felt very certain that a great mistake was made when he did not go along with the crowd, so that Nora could be kept perpetually under his eye.

August's hired man brought Nora's letter home from the postoffice the evening of the next day after it was written. Before he had finished reading it August had made up his mind.

"I must see that woonderful fair," he exclaimed, emphatically. "I take the seven o'clock train in the morning and I hunt them oop in the fair grounds or I walk in on the hotel for soorprise 'bout supper time."

August was a man of action, and the next evening when the company of sightseers from Stumpburg were gathered in Uncle Jeremiah's room awaiting the call to the evening dinner, there was a knock at the door to which Squint responded by throwing it open, thereby revealing to the astonished inmates the portly form of August.

"Howly Mither," cried Nora, aghast at the prospect.

Squint stood on his head to show his delight and amazement.

The Portly Form of August.

"I had to see the woonderful, very woonderful panoramy," he explained. "I must see the woonderful guards and policeman and sojers."

"When and how did you get here?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah.

"A man I know was coming and he brought me

into the fair grounds at noon. Been looking for you half a day."

"How did you get out and come here to this hotel?"

"That was easy. When I vant to get oudt I shust follow a man around till he vent out, then I vent out, and ask questions till I got to this room."

"Where are you going to stay?"

"Ain't this house big 'nough?" he inquired in surprise.

"But it's full, August. There is not another room to be had," answered Uncle Jeremiah. "However, I know where you can get a room, and, as it is not yet sundown, you would better go there right away and make sure of it. I can give you such plain directions that you can't miss it."

"Goot," responded August. "I vill go right avay and come back after I get something to eat, so you know I got the room, and come again in the morning at eight o'clock to go altogedder to the fair."

Uncle Jeremiah took him to the car, though it was not far, so he could secure his lodging sooner than if he wasted time in walking.

August took the car as directed and awaited the approach of the conductor with considerable trepidation.

"Fare?" he asked, as usual, holding out his hand.

"O, ya," said August. "You know where I beene.

Do you know where I go? I beene to fair. I go nudder place to a room to sleep."

"Pay the fare," continued the conductor, more lucidly.

"Yah, wohl, one day costet two tollar."

"Pay the fare on this car," continued the conductor, impatiently.

"Yer, wohl," said August, in some distress. "I know not how mooch I go tomorrow. I shust pay like to-day."

"Here, give me your nickel for this ride or I will stop the car," answered the exasperated conductor.

"O, ya, ya," answered August, diving into his pocket for money, as it began to dawn upon him what was wanted. "How mooch?"

"Five cents."

"Ya wohl," said August, producing a nickel.

"If I geef you this neekel will you take me to seex hundred number on this street?"

"Certainly."

"You sthop the car there and let me geet off."

"Of course," answered the conductor, taking the nickel. "Just watch the numbers on the houses and you can tell when you get up to your number."

August understood this and he began to get excited as the numbers approached the one he wanted.

Presently the occupants of the car were startled by frantic yells from August.

"Sthop, sthop; we're there."

The conductor rang the signal to stop at the next corner, but August didn't understand this. He ran out upon the rear platform and threw his satchel over. His umbrella went next, followed by his lunch basket.

"Ach, vas feer ein ferdampte leegner," he yelled as he made a jump and landed on his head in the dirt, bounding over like a rubber toad.

The passengers yelled, the conductor gave a violent signal and the car came to a sudden stop.

"Vy you not sthop me furst, not now?" cried August, running about to pick up his scattered parcels, as he shook his fist at the conductor.

That functionary seeing no harm had been done, gave the signal to go ahead, and August was left to profit by his experience.

The signs around the number where he was to inquire for a room were bewildering. A big red sign met his gaze on which were the words, "To Rent. Inquire Within." He went in and asked of the first man, "I vant to rent."

The office agent took in the situation.

"Very well," he replied. "We have a loft two blocks above."

"Vot you teenk," answered August in ill humor, after his rough experience. "You teenk I want to leef in barn? I can do dat at home for nuttings."

"Well, we have an unoccupied stairway, two blocks below."

He Made a Jump.

"Vot, you geef me sthair steps for bed two blocks below? Nein! I cood have brought a sthep ladder shoost as goot."

"Well, we have a vacant lot, still further below."

"Ach, himmel! Vot you teenk, I beene groundhog? Nein! I vant von schmall room, von bed, von chair, von veek, seex tollar."

"O, now I understand," said the agent. "Come with me and I'll fix you."

"You feex me?"

August shook his head.

"Go on with him, Dutchy," said another, soothingly, and August proceeded. In a few minutes he was satisfactorily settled in a room to his entire taste. Dragging a chair up to the window, where he could see out into the street, he lighted his pipe and remarked, "Vat von helle of beeples."

The Stumpburg contingent had just finished dinner and come out into the hotel lobby when August arrived to announce that he had eaten and was fixed to sleep. After looking about and over Nora, to see that she was still all there, and making her blush furiously for fear all the hotel could recognize her country lover, August went outside and found Squint trying to climp a lamp-post. With a tacit understanding that needed no words they started off on a walk together to see what they could see.

The usual twilight scenes were taking place along the thoroughfares and nothing occurred that interested them beyond the humdrum of life until they came to a rather pretentious house in the center of a spacious yard, far enough from the street light to

leave it in comparative darkness, except for the lighted interior which was obscured by closely drawn curtains. A woman's voice could be heard at a high pitch quivering through some extraordinary variations.

"Is it a looneytick?" doubtfully inquired Squint. "Or is it some one hurted?"

"Is it a Looneytick?"

They paused before the open gate of the low iron fence. The fine-keyed notes came forth again in sounds more like shrieks to the uncultured hearers than any possible kind of voice culture or musical practice.

"The hall door is open," said August. "You slip

up there an' peek in. If it's any murther of a woomans, shust call for me."

Squint slipped quickly into the hall and peeped through the half-open door into the parlor, where a young man had just begun to thump a piano as the woman started in on another run around the vocal ring. In the midst of Squint's survey of the parlor scene a door in the hallway opened directly behind him, throwing over him a flood of light punctured by the hysterical screams of a young lady who had started to cross the hall into the parlor and run into Squint. He sprang out of the door before the screams like a jackrabbit before the yelps of a dog. Out through the gate and beyond August he ran, as if the furies were after him. August was too bewildered to move, and, in a moment the masculine members of the household had him surrounded.

"Here's the thief," shouted the young man who had been pounding the piano, as he seized the unresisting August by the arm. "Some one call the police."

By the time August gained control of his tongue a policeman arrived.

"Phat's the matter wid ye here?"

"This ferdampte bube call me tief," protested August. "He do so vonce more alretty und I schlag heem on de kopf mit a brickstein. I am no tief; I peecefool man."

"That's not the thief," said a young lady, coming forward. "It was a boy I saw at the umbrella stand in the hall."

"You exonerate this Dutchman, do ye?" inquired the policeman.

"Yes."

"Move on," he said, giving August a shove forward.

August obeyed rapidly, and soon came upon Squint, dodging around a corner two blocks away.

"That girl like to a got me," he said, as he surveyed the surroundings with cautious alertness, "but I didn't want no familiarity. Say, I believe that other one wasn't getting hurted; she was just trying to sing."

They regarded this as enough adventure for one evening and were returning homeward when a sonorous voice muffled in some open building met their ears and excited their curiosity. They followed the staccato calls and discovered a lively auction of jewelry taking place in a dingy room back of three big yellow balls hanging over a doorway.

"Going, going, gone!" shouted the auctioneer.

"It's one of those slight-of-hand trick performers," said Squint. "Didn't you hear him say going, and then it was gone. I guess he swallowed it."

"No," said August; "you see the tree balls. That

means beesness. One for the money, two for the show, tree to make ready and four to go. The fellow that talks so mooch is the one that makes it go."

The auctioneer was making another harangue.

"Going at fifty cents," he said; "an article for your lady worth two dollars."

"Listen at that," said Squint. "He says your lady is worth two dollars."

August stepped inside. The auctioneer nodded pleasantly at him and he returned the salutation.

"Gone," cried the auctioneer; "gone for seventy-five cents to the German gentleman at the door."

Before August could protest a lady's hat pin was put into his hands and a demand made for the price.

He gave up the money.

"I've got enough of this blamed town," he said. "I want to go home."

As they came on back to the hotel August was walking leisurely along the brilliantly-lighted street with Squint following near, when he saw a pocket-book lying on the edge of the sidewalk. He started forward to inspect it; when a man who was standing in a nearby doorway darted forward, kicked it into the gutter and picked it up from under August's hand.

"O, dot's mine," cried August. "I see it furst. "Of you not keek it vay I got it."

"It's no go, Dutchy," replied the agile individual.

"Gone," Cried the Auctioneer.

"I got it and you know possession is nine points of law. You can have the other point. I'll take the cash and you can have the purse."

"Hello!" he continued, as he opened it and drew forth a twenty-dollar bill and two silver dollars. "This is a bigger find than I expected. I guess I'll have to be honest with you and divide up. Give me ten and I'll give you the twenty and one of the silver dollars."

"Alright," said August, beamingly. "You bees goot man anyhow."

August brought forth a handful of bills from his pocket.

"Geef me the silver tollar and the twenty tollar."

The man handed them over and August started away toward the drug store at the corner.

"Here, where are you going?" yelled the man.

"Come on," he answered. "I go to geet two teen tollar bills for dese."

"But you've already got ten dollars in change," cried the man in alarm.

"Vera well," answered August. "I make sure to geef you teen tollar bill. Come on."

But the man did not come on. When August looked back for him he had disappeared.

"Here, Mister Droogist," he asked, handing over the twenty-dollar bill, "is this goot or bad money?"

The druggist looked at it.

Drew Forth a Twenty.

"Bad, very bad," he replied.

"I one halif taught so," said August.

The druggist got a genuine twenty-dollar bill and pointed out the distinguishing marks of the counterfeit.

"There I tear it in feer parts," said August, "and I hef a fine soovneer of one man fool. I hef the silver tollar an' he haf the purse."

August went on into the hotel for a final look at Nora before returning to his room. He found Ethelbert on the upper veranda with the three girls, giving them some kind of a lesson on the wonders of astronomy.

"The stars look little," he announced, "but every one is many, many times larger than this world. Some of them are millions of times larger."

"I don't believe it," said the incredulous Helena.

"Why not? What do you know about it?"

"I guess I don't know much more about it than you do," she replied, "but I do know that if they were even half as big as you say they would at least keep off the rain."

The argument was so bewildering as to be indisputable and the young scientist thought he would try something more mysterious.

"Besides that," he continued, "there are, no doubt, people living on some of them, if not all of them."

"That's so," corroborated Matilda; "I've always heard that there is a man in the moon."

Ethelbert looked disgusted.

"That's another wan," replied Nora. "It don't take no hortoscope to show that a man nivver was on the moon, and can't be."

"Well, it can be," hotly asserted Ethelbert.

"Thin tell me, if ye plase, what the gintleman sits on whin the moon's so new that it's nothin' but jist a little thin strake?"

Ethelbert suddenly departed.

"It's time wasted to talk to women," he asserted. "They can't learn anything anyhow."

CHAPTER VIII.

STUMPBURGIANS BLENDING WITH SAINT LOUISIANS.

August appeared promptly on time to join the hotel contingent on the way to the fair. Squint never lost a minute while awake in sightseeing, and was always missing when wanted. As the flying squadron of rural visitors mobilized for their day's excursion, Squint was yet uncollected and Uncle Jeremiah decided to let him learn something about the value of promptness. They went on without him. Presently he appeared at the starting point and discovered what had happened. But small difficulties like this had no discouragement for him, even though he found that he had spent all his allowance of money but ten cents. He determined to get into the fair somehow, though only five cents remained when he arrived at the gates. This was ingloriously inadequate.

He tried two entrances, but no excuse was sufficient and he resolved to climb over the high enclosure, if he could find an unguarded place. This was a considerable feat for any one but a cat or a squirrel. However, Squint had not climbed all the hardest trees about Stumpburg without acquiring

considerable agility, and, no sooner had he found a secluded spot in the high wall than he addressed himself energetically to the task and was presently on top. One glance around showed that the place was clear of guards, but one of them could be seen coming around a high pile of lumber. There was no way to get down but to jump down and that must be done quickly. Several persons were passing. He let loose and came down with thud enough to break ordinary bones, right in front of an elderly gentleman. The astonished man adjusted his spectacles as Squint arose, limping.

"Where on earth did you come from?" he inquired, as if he thought the boy one of the wonders of the fair and had dropped from the clouds.

"I came from Indiana," replied Squint.

"My gracious," he exclaimed, "what a long fall! But I have learnt since coming here not to be surprised at anything. Are you hurt?"

"No, sir," answered Squint, "I've made that jump so often that I've got used to it."

"In heaven's name," continued the old man, looking after Squint as the boy brought his jarred system back into use, "will wonders never cease?"

Squint wandered around the Manufactures building most of the forenoon, as he understood that his party was to go there first. His quest engaged his attention so that he saw many things in general but

"My Gracious!" He Exclaimed, "What a Long Fall."

nothing in particular. He had learned that the chance of meeting any certain person was too slight and remote to be taken into consideration, nevertheless he kept sharply on the lookout. Near noon he took a seat on a bench near the great monument and watched the people go by, while he thought how much more pleasant it was to see things along with friends than alone. Presently he was elated to see Uncle Jeremiah coming by. He knew that the others could not be far away. The old man did not see him, but stopped at the bench as if he were weary and would like to sit down.

"Have my seat, sir," he said, changing his voice as much as possible.

"Thank you, my boy," said Uncle Jeremiah. "When you get to my age I'll be glad to return the favor, provided I may have the chance to do so."

"Indade, Uncle Jeremiah," said Nora, coming up. "And where did you find the boy?"

"What boy?" asked Uncle Jeremiah, looking directly at Squint for the first time.

"The Stoompburg haythen that we brung along, for to get acquainted with his brethren from over the says."

"Uncle Jeremiah," interrupted Ethelbert, coming up in a burst of enthusiasm, "you know how interested I am in Arctic explorations. Well, over in the transportation building I have found a com-

plete exhibition of every thing that has ever had part or interest in Arctic discoveries. Let's all go over and look it through."

"No," protested Squint, vigorously. "I don't want to encourage such things."

"Why?" asked Ethelbert, much astonished.

"Because," replied Squint, "there is geography enough already. It is hard enough to learn now without finding mores capes and bays and mountains to make it harder."

Uncle Jeremiah began an inquiry as to how the youngster had got into the grounds, in order to read him a lesson on the value of promptness. The only reason the boy could give for not being at hand was the much abused word " 'cause."

"That reminds me," said Uncle Jeremiah, "of a rhyme I once knew that just fits such an answer. It is this:

'A big black crow sat on a tree,
And cawed and cawed and cawed at me,
Said I, "Old crow, you're not polite,
To caw at me. It is not right.
Now tell me why you break the laws
And act this way?" He answered, "Caws"
So sure as you and I do live
This reason is what small boys give,
When they are asked just why they do
The things they have no business to."

By this time the other members of the Stumpburg family had arrived and were ready for a new world to conquer.

"What time is it, August?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah.

"Don't know."

"Look at your watch."

"Can't. I feex it on a nail in the cupboard at home."

"Why didn't you bring it along?" asked Uncle Jeremiah, in surprise.

"Do you think I would tempt Providence by leaving my lofely watch, costet tane tollar, hang oop on the end of this chain, troo so many peoples as in this town? No."

"But you have your chain there, as if you had a watch," persisted Uncle Jeremiah, "and that falsely supposes that you have a watch in your pocket."

"So! If I haf a bridle in my hand that falsely supposes that I haf a horse pehind pack; no!" he protested, vigorously, as he unconsciously took out his thick stub pipe and stuck it in his mouth.

Before Uncle Jeremiah could reply, a guard stepped up and interposed.

"No smoking allowed here," he said.

"I'm not schmoking."

"You have a pipe in your mouth."

August turned on him; it was so much in line

with his controversy with Uncle Jeremiah. He saw a chance to annihilate two antagonists at one blow.

"So! I haf, you see, my feet in my shoes. Do you tink I am valking. No! Yes! You tink I am valking? Ha, ha!"

The guard walked away and Uncle Jeremiah gave it up.

"Ach, der dumme yunge!" exclaimed August, in emphasis to his solar-plexus blow, as he looked after the guard. "So many peeples tink with the same fool head."

"If no one will tell me the time," said Uncle Jeremiah, returning to his muttons after his doubtful controversy, "then I will see for myself."

"Time," said he, "according to my watch, is racing toward one o'clock. You all look tired. We must eat. So, whoever knows the way to a restaurant, kindly lead on." Squint was posted on these features of the grounds and soon led them to one whose display was very promising.

The Stumpburg party was thoroughly tired and hungry. As Ethelbert entered, a solemn looking old gentleman was passing to a table near the wall, when his hat careened to one side. He made a frantic clutching after it, but the breeze was too quick and hat and wig left his bald pate shining like a fresh young turnip.

Ethelbert laughed heartily at the ludicrous dis-

comfiture of the gloomy gentleman, but suddenly he came within range of the singing electric fan, and his own new straw hat left its moorings too suddenly to be caught, struck a man on the nose at the nearest table and fell, crown downward, into his

Left His Bald Pate Shining.

oyster soup. Ethelbert rescued his hat, with due apologies to the injured eater, and the party sat down in no pleasant humor. In fact, the second glance deepened the gloom, for the place was far from being reassuring as to quality of food.

August made the first growl. A waiter thrust a bill of fare into his hand.

"Meester, I come here to eat. I don't vant to read."

"This is not a newspaper," replied the waiter. "It's a bill of fare."

Into His Soup.

"I need no build a fire," August protested. "I am hungrig. I vant to eat. Where is your vittels?"

The waiter called off a very scanty list of food.

"Is that all you've got to eat," asked Uncle Jeremiah.

"You've not got to eat it," replied the waiter. "Thank goodness, I don't eat here. I work here."

Meanwhile the soup was brought in and each one tasted it.

"This is not soup," asserted Nora. "It's only wather boiled down enough to give it a taste."

"Say, waiter," asked Uncle Jeremiah, "can we escape from here by paying for the soup?"

"Certainly," said the waiter.

Uncle Jeremiah led the disgruntled band to the cashier's desk, where the required amount was paid.

"You couldn't tell us where we can find a restaurant, can you?" asked Ethelbert.

"Yes, sir," promptly replied the young lady. "There is one just beyond the next building."

They hurried on as directed and found a place as elegantly equipped and as fastidious in its service as the other was poor and uncouth.

They were soon comfortably seated and Uncle Jeremiah was studying the card to order for them all.

"It will cost double as much to eat here as at the other place," he said, "but I guess it is worth it and we need the food."

"Why does it cost so much?" inquired August.

"Look at the pictures, the music, the fine tableware and the style," said Ethelbert. "That costs money."

"Then I eat blindfolded," replied August. "I don't pay for my eyes, only when I go to a show."

Squint ate so rapidly from the little dishes allotted to his share that Uncle Jeremiah thought best to reprove him.

"But there's not much here," he protested, "and I want to finish my dinner before it is all gone."

Uncle Jeremiah thought it unjust to interrupt him if he felt that way about it.

However costly the food, Nora plainly did not relish it.

"What's the matter, Nora?" asked Uncle Jeremiah. "Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"O, I'd so much rather have something nice and tasty," she replied, "like canned corn or fried liver."

Uncle Jeremiah called the waiter and gave her order.

"Tell 'em just to dump it together on my plate," she asked. "These fringes and frills and little dishes take out all the taste."

"Ach himmel!" sighed August. "I tink I vill eat myself to dead, when I get home. It vill taste so goot to eat things natural where it don't cost noddings."

Meanwhile, Ethelbert had opened up conversation with a young man near him who was boasting that he had a fine job on the grounds and ate three meals a day at this place, on which account it cost him twenty dollars a week merely for table board, not to speak of other expenses.

August had been listening attentively. "I vould not do it," he interrupted. It is not vort it. No, no, it is not vort it. It is not vort twenty tollar a veek for any pody to live. My forty hog, my fife horse and my ten cow with the pig Durham pull, all not cost so much, and they are vort somedings."

A commotion in the room caused them to look around, when they saw a man coming from a back room with three Patagonians, whom he had been introducing to a private American feast.

As they came by, the Patagonians began to talk together in voices that sounded like a distant pheasant thrumming his morning call.

"What strange sounds these Patagonians make and call it language," said Uncle Jeremiah. "But even the most cultured languages have unaccountable peculiarities. Look at our own absurd spellings and pronunciations. They say you can't kick a man in French. You just hand out a blow with your foot, and they can't boast in German except in words borrowed from the French. They say the

Portuguese never wink. They just open and close their eyes."

"That's nowhere as interesting," declared Ethelbert, "as the way the Patagonians churn butter. They put the cream in a leather bag, tie a hundred foot rope to it and attach the other end to a surcingle fastened about a horse. Then the rider gets on and starts on a circular run around the prairie for about three miles. That bag pounds the ground in all directions until they arrive at the starting point, when the bag is opened and a ball of butter is taken out."

"That is not as easy a plan as a traveler told me about the Pueblos of New Mexico," said Uncle Jeremiah. "He told me that there they just fill a large basin nearly to the top with milk and then throw in a big bull-frog. He kicks and kicks until there is a ball of butter large enough for him to jump from over to the ground and the churning is done."

Ethelbert hastened to change the subject. "Can any of you tell me?" he inquired, "why that Turkish church house over there is called a Mosque?"

"Of course," replied Matilda. "It is because they were invented in Moscow."

"O, you women!" exclaimed Ethelbert. "It's no wonder you drive men to drink."

"They haven't driven the sultan to drink yet,"

The Patagonian Process of Churning Butter.

spiritedly replied Matilda. "He's a total abstainer, and he has several hundred wives."

"Yes," replied Ethelbert, "and I predict that he will die if he doesn't take to drink. For that very reason he has long been known as the sick man of Europe."

"I think we have now seen enough of the fair in general," interrupted Uncle Jeremiah, "and I think it is better for us to begin to see it more in particular. Let us now go systematically on a plan. Suppose we begin by going in at the northwest side of the government building, then out through the Fisheries exhibit, after which we will weave back and forth to the west through the big so-called palaces. We need not stop to talk, but all can take notes and we can talk over things of evenings."

A large crowd of people was passing along the sunken garden and they hurried into the Olympian way toward the side entrance of the government exhibits. As they turned south, their attention was attracted to August, who was a considerable distance ahead of them. He was talking very excitedly to a modest-looking young woman. Uncle Jeremiah went over to them.

"What's the matter here?"

"He accuses me, sir, of taking his pocketbook," she said plaintively, looking up into Uncle Jere-

miah's face, so pathetically and innocently that he was won over at once.

"What do you mean, August, by insulting this lady so?" he said, severely. "When did you lose your money?"

"It's not losted, sir, it's found," said Squint, coming from among a group who were gathering, curiously, if not indignantly, about the two disputants.

"Where is it, then?" angrily inquired Uncle Jeremiah. "It's shameful to subject this lady to such suspicion. She's innocent as a babe. You can see it in her countenance."

"It's not in her countenance; it's in her stocking," proclaimed the irrepressible young sleuth. "I saw her making the motions after August yelled that he had been robbed."

A guard suddenly appeared in the midst of the rapidly gathering and excited crowd.

"What's the trouble?"

"The lady haf my pocketbook in the leg of her socks," he sputtered. "It haf twenty silver tollars, five hafs, seven kvarters, und four neekles wound up in ten fife toller pills."

The crowd roared with laughter.

"We'll settle that in a few minutes," said the guard. "You and the woman come with me to a place where she can be searched."

They started off but had not gone far when Squint gave a yell. The guard stopped and turned around.

"Look at it," he cried. "Look there on the ground. It's dropped out."

August made a dive for his pocketbook.

"Is that yours?" inquired the guard.

"Ya, ya, ya," he cried, excitedly. "Look at the money, as I tole you. I prove it py Uncle Jeremiah, py Squint, py Nora, py ——"

"Well, I reckon that's enough," he interrupted.

"Here, you boy, did you see her drop it?" continued the guard.

"See her drop it," repeated Squint, rather startled. "D'ye tink I was standin' on my head rubberneckin'?"

The crowd yelled.

"There now," said the guard, "you folks run away and I'll have this lady sent out of town."

He went on with the young woman and Uncle Jeremiah felt that his confidence in modest innocence had been sadly misplaced.

It's Dropped Out.

CHAPTER IX.

A GOVERNMENT KINDERGARTEN FOR ADULTS.

Grown-up people are like children. They can get calmness after an exciting event much sooner if their minds can be turned upon other things. As the Stumpburg people came up before the entrance of the government building, Uncle Jeremiah saw a chance to set them thinking in another direction.

They saw a woman, withered, wrinkled and decrepit, being wheeled from the building in a chair. Uncle Jeremiah called the attention of his group to her.

A bystander said that she was ninety-five years old, but that she took a lively interest in all the sights of the fair. She was so shriveled as to be a wretched sight to young eyes, but venerable to those old enough to appreciate her length of life.

"Uncle Jeremiah," said Helena, "will I ever be that old?"

"Yes, my child," he replied, "you may be if you are good and take proper care of your health."

"O, me! O, my!" she exclaimed to Matilda; "it must be awful to be good and to take care of one's health."

Matilda was too shocked to reply.

"How olt air you, Nora?" asked August, as if this had suggested an interesting question to him.

"I do be twenty-four," she replied; "I was born in 1880."

Being Wheeled from the Building.

"Ach!" exclaimed August, "now I haf you. More as five yeer ago you said you was born in 1880, and last Christmas you said you was twenty-four. Now it is close to fort July, 1904, and you say the same ting yet alretty."

"Of course I said I was twenty-four," she answered; "do you think I am a person who would say wan thing wan toime and another another toime? Do you think I was borrun before my toime or after? I do not carry my age in my pocket to change it like a dollar."

With such a mathematical and ethical problem working in his head so lately disturbed by the woman pickpocket, August followed on in rather a dazed condition.

The government building was a place of exceptional mystery and interest, and the observer must always be amazed at the thoroughness and extensiveness of investigations made in the interest of the people. Models perfected to the latest scientific utility are arranged to make full and clear, even to the most unlearned farmer, the best means of successful industry. The national museum, the Smithsonian Institution for the diffusion of knowledge, and the various bureaus in Washington city, have exhibits and working models of the widest and most practical educational value.

"Look at the wagon," cried Squint, enthusiastically.

As the Stumpburg crowd stopped at his call, he read, "This wagon was used from 1861 to 1863 in the Army of the Potomac, when it was sent to Nashville, whence it went 4,160 miles through the cam-

paigns and marches of General Sherman's army, having seen service four years and nine months."

"It has a pretty good soldiering record," remarked Uncle Jeremiah, "and it is no wonder they have retired it in its old age to the comfortable existence of a relic in the museum."

"Really, does it get a pension?" inquired Squint.

An exclamation from August brought the responsive group of nervous curiosity seekers over to him. He stood speechless in view of two remarkable objects.

"Look once," he said, as they gathered around him. "They have fixed the show of a fight between a whale and a battleship. They are going gerade at each other."

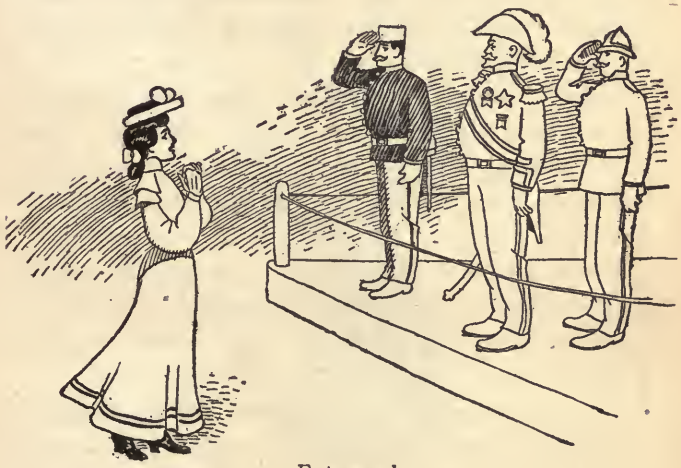
"Ach du leeber Augustine!" exclaimed Nora, in mockery. "The great baste of the say is only paralyzed like you at looking for the furst toime upon the front ind of the navy plowing through painted wather."

They went into the cut-off end of the ship and looked at the wax officers and men that were in charge of the apartments.

"How lovely," exclaimed Nora, rapturously, "to have a wax man. He wouldn't go fussing around upsetting calculations, or furniture, and getting excited about the kitchen and the children."

As they came down the stairway from the upper

deck they discovered that Matilda was missing, and the flock flew away in search of her. They found her standing entranced before a pavilion of army officers and men set up to show the various styles of uniforms. Just then there appeared a more thrilling scene in real life. A score of men came by



Entranced.

more gorgeously arrayed in golden-laden garments than Uncle Sam ever dared to put upon even his greatest generals.

"Look," cried Ethelbert. "It's some foreign court of princes, sure. They're Germans, so they must be from the emperor's palace in Berlin."

"Huh!" exclaimed Squint, in disgust. "It's

a brass band. I saw them awhile ago playing tunes down there in the bandstand."

The grand princes became commoners at once and the youths turned away to more attractive objects.

At the far end of the building August became lost in absorbing interest among the farm exhibits and Nora ran into the cases containing models of immensely magnified insects that were under investigation by the government.

"Holy horrors!" she cried; "come here and look at the ticks two whole spans long. Here's yellow fever mosquitos bigger than my foot. No wonder the poor sojers died in Cuba. It was enough to scare them to death."

Uncle Jeremiah called them to see the ribbon fish that lived three miles deep in the sea, and was so light that it took a dozen yards of them to weigh a pound.

"Since we are so near the special fishery exhibit," said Uncle Jeremiah, "let us go on over there and come back through the government building to finish it up."

This appeared desirable in the saving of steps and they went in to see what the United States could show in its fishing industries. A splashing of water in the central pool with the excited attention of bystanders caused them to run over in time to see the keeper feeding fish to the seals. He threw the live

fish here and there, and, as if knowing their fate, they darted away the moment they struck the water. But the hungry seals were quicker. They caught the fish in their mouths, and, with powerful strokes of their claws, tore them to pieces and swallowed

Yellow Fever Mosquitoes.

the bits. Even though they were fish being thus torn to pieces alive, it was not a very humane sight and the visitors went on to the galleries where they could look face to face with all the peculiar animals of the great deep.

"Look at the sting-ray," cried Nora, "how he

shakes his blanket to swim. Sure and there's one fish that thinks he's a burrid."

Down from the rocks back of the tank came crawling all the hideous saucy monsters one could ever see even in the most fearful dreams, and it was with a sigh of relief that they passed on to see the beautiful, graceful swimmers of fresh water streams. After looking over the almost endless appliances of fish hatcheries, fish growth, fish catching and fish preserving for the markets they went on back through the government building past the middle entrance to the part they had not yet seen.

The white-robed figures of the medical department caught their attention and they hurried over to see what it all meant.

"These are hospital appliances," explained Uncle Jeremiah.

"I know," said Squint. "This is where they put people who ketch sickness from a felly named Mike Robe.

"Sure, he's no Irishman," quickly, if not resentfully, asserted Nora, "or he would have an O befure his name."

"His family has only recently been discovered," said Ethelbert. "They have been unknown from Adam to the present time."

"What a foine joke they have had laughing at their own concalement," she scornfully replied.

"Even now," replied Ethelbert, "I know lots of people who would give all they have if they could only see Mike."

"You needn't mane to say that I am one of thim," returned Nora. "Such folks all live in the blind asylums."

"But there is one great Irishman here that I'd loike to see," continued Nora, "though he may after all be playing a bagpoipe. I see his name painted up on lots of the buildings."

"Who is that?" inquired Ethelbert.

"I don't," replied Nora, "but his name is McMiv. Whin we go back home, if you will look up on the Wabash depot, you can see that he is give great honors."

"McMiv," musingly repeated Ethelbert, much puzzled. Then a light dawned on him and he laughed loud and long.

"And what is funny about my friend McMiv?" said Nora, in an injured tone.

"McMiv," he replied, "is the Roman numerals for 1904. McM is 1900 and iv is 4."

"Then he's all right, if he is a Roman numeral," she replied, "for his father must have come of a foine old Irish family."

Nora was hopeless in such a discussion and Ethelbert let her have it her own way.

Just then two young men and a woman, obviously

brothers and sister, came by. Their height was more than a head above the average persons around them.

"Look at that tall family," said Matilda. "They

"A Good Auld Irish Name."

must be noted enough for their longevity to be in a show."

Ethelbert laughed.

"You'd better go read your dictionary. Longevity means long living."

"What's the difference?" said Nora. "Ain't long living and living long about the same? I'd rather

know how to prevent the appearance of ould age than to do either."

"That's easy," said Squint. "Earn your living as the glass-eater in a show. I heard one of them say it was the quickest way to prevent long life of any he knew, except sleeping on a railroad track."

The display of lighthouses distracted their attention and Nora said that they were well named for such spindling things couldn't be very heavy, and she thought the people who lived in the glass houses shouldn't throw any stones.

The Stumpburg visitors were well scattered when they were called about a glass case at the far end of the building in the postoffice exhibit, by the admiring call of Helena.

"Here is Owney, the postal clerks' dog," she said. "Father told me about him and here he is all stuffed to look at, covered all over with medals and trunk checks, that he got on his travels."

Owney had, indeed, made a name for himself, and now that his travels were over, he would henceforth be on exhibit to show what a dog can do, and what sentiment the postal clerks cherish toward him. As he was there at government expense, it showed that even the government has sentiment.

When they had passed out of the front entrance of the building, Uncle Jeremiah read the dedicatory statement over the door:

"TO THE PIONEERS WHO FIRST BRAVED THE UNKNOWN, WHOSE DEEDS DEVELOPED THE VAST EMPIRE COMPRISED IN THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE, THIS BUILDING IS DEDICATED BY A GRATEFUL PEOPLE."

As it was now growing late and there was little time to see much more, Uncle Jeremiah advised them to scatter and see what they could see for the next hour and then gather at the entrance gate to return to the hotel. Uncle Jeremiah and Ethelbert walked on together to the tower that loomed up before them. The elevator was about to take some people to the top and they decided to go up also where they could see a panorama of the fair in a bird'seye view of buildings and grounds.

"Ethelbert, can't you think of a big word," said he when they reached the top, "that will bunch this thing up into one expressive idea?"

"Certainly," replied the ever-ready young savant, "this is a microcosm of human creation."

"Good enough," he replied, "but can't you get the word gorgeous in there somewhere?"

"That is unscientific," replied the young man. "That word expresses feelings but not intelligence. Such a term is relative. It is proportionate only to our conditions. A crow probably thinks that a big cornfield with no scarecrows in it is a gorgeous sight."

"Very well, if we want big words to express what we can see from this place, I would say that

we have a fine view of mundane procrastination. Look at those men over there just laying the foundation of the building in which they are to do business. Some of the pavilions have only an exhibit of unopened boxes. Others had everything complete for visitors a week or more before the first day of the fair. The makers of this great exhibition completed their stupendous and masterful labor in due season, but the exhibitor occupying one thousandth part of one building has, in some cases not yet removed his goods from the freight car."

"Do you see that big white sign away over there on that box car?" continued Uncle Jeremiah. "Now take my field glass here and see if you can read it."

Ethelbert adjusted the glass and read, "Carborundum Exhibit, Machinery Building, Block 16. Don't fail to see this Exhibit."

"Now what on earth is carborundum?" said Uncle Jeremiah. "I would hunt that out just to satisfy myself what it is with such a sounding name that I never heard of before, but I can't stay here in these grounds till the contents of that car is properly displayed in Machinery building, even though the sign urgently requests me to do so."

Just then there was a furious crackling overhead like a great oak tree just breaking to fall from the woodman's axe.

"What's that!" exclaimed the startled group.

"Just sending a message by the wireless," said the attendant. "Don't get scared. It won't hurt you."

The general opinion of the box of sightseers was that they would rather be on firm ground and they were soon accommodated.

Ethelbert walked back and found the rest of the troupe gathered around a big gun near the government building. He felt that he could greatly instruct them regarding guns but he remained silent. He had learned by repeated experience what a task it was to enlighten feminine minds.

"Ethelbert," said Nora, as she stood in profound contemplation before the deadly looking object, "I want to ask you a question."

"All right," he answered beamingly as this deference was paid to his superior knowledge. "Go ahead. I'll answer it."

"Which is the most useful in this gun, the hole or the iron around it?"

August had meanwhile joined them and heard the question.

Ethelbert was speechless.

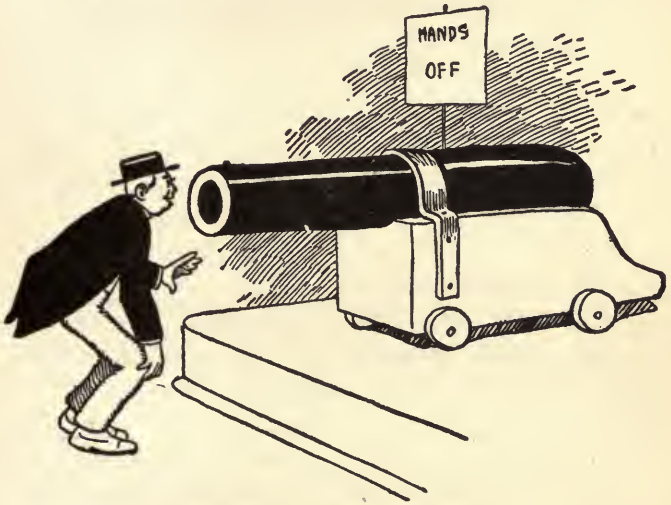
No one answering, Helena tried it.

"The hole of course," she said, "or where would they put the bullet?"

"Ach, dumm kopf!" exclaimed August, "how many sojers could you kill from a hole in the air?"

Ethelbert fled and left them to their speculative discussion.

Uncle Jeremiah coming up, Helena began to beg to be allowed to go with Squint, as it was nearing time to leave the grounds, to the big merry-go-round in the Pike and ride till time to leave.



"From a Hole in the Air."

"No," said Uncle Jeremiah, "I think you rode enough on that thing yesterday for its share of our attention and money, besides, isn't the fair better than a merry-go-round?"

"Well, all right for you," wailed the child in dubious prophecy. "You just won't let me go any-

where, nor see anything, nor have any fun! I thought I was coming here to have a good time, and now I see that nobody will let me have a good time."

Childish estimates and ungratefulness were however soon dispelled and other things forgotten in the whirling, gyrating sights moving about as in a vivid dreamland. As they went on toward the homeward gates, Helena forgot her troubles, but Nora heaved numerous sighs of weariness.

"What is the matter, Nora?" asked Uncle Jeremiah.

"O, I am getting so tired," she replied, "of looking at so much that I can't remember."

"Why, I supposed you would like to live forever in such a wonderland."

"No, indade," she replied. "I'd rather be a hitching post before the church dure at Stoompburg, than to be any one I've seen living in this jamboree city."

When they reached the cars, they had to find seats wherever they could and Nora found herself very uncomfortably seated with a talkative old lady.

"Wonderful fair, isn't it?" said she to Nora, at the first chance she had to speak. "What is the most interesting thing you have seen here?"

"It's a stuffed burrid," replied Nora, determined to do most of the talking herself. "It's over there where they are showing all kinds in the worraled

from a pee-wee to an ostrich. That burrid is a stuffed cornfield crow with a tag on it as coming from the very county I live in back in Indiana. It's wonderful for I may have seen it there whin it was alive, and I can tell our folks that we furnished a crow for the great exposition. That's better than lots of other counties done that didn't have nothing to show for thimselves at the fair. What has interested you the most?"

"I reckon it was the big prune horse," she replied. "I kaint see how they could fill anything up with prunes and make it look so natural."

"Aint thar anything else that interested you?" persisted the old lady.

"O, yes," replied Nora, "I've heard more fool things and seen men and women dressed up in more fool ways than I could invint if I was crazy a year."

"Where are you from?" said a man to Uncle Jeremiah, as soon as the car was well on its way.

"I'm a Hoosier. Where are you from?"

"Washington state."

"I suppose it's a common thing out in your state to grow strawberries as big as saucers, and apples and potatoes as big as your head."

"No, sir," promptly responded the man from Washington state, "not more than three-fourths that size."

"Well, you're candid," replied Uncle Jeremiah.

"I've been stuffed with some big yarns and it's refreshing to get even a fourth knocked off. Do you belong to the church?"

"Yes, back in Pennsylvania."

"Then you have not lived long in Washington."

We Furnished a Crow.

"O, yes, nigh on to twenty years."

"Why don't you move your church membership there?"

" 'Cause I've always been expecting every month to move the next one up into Oregon. That's why I don't boost up Washington. But I can't go till

I sell out and I haven't had an offer in all that twenty yeer. Howsomever, I am blessed with Job's patience and I'm still waiting and expecting. You don't know any one as wants to buy the best farm in the state of Washington, do you? It'll raise bigger strawberries, bigger potatoes, and bigger apples than any farm on earth."

A newsboy came along and Uncle Jeremiah bought an evening paper.

CHAPTER X.

A PACKAGE OF EXHIBITS FROM BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

The Stumpburgians arrived at the corner of the block which contained their hotel a little early to go on to dinner, and they strayed slowly along looking at the sights of the streets. The fair had wonders, but the merchants in the business district also had exhibits that were little less interesting to rural eyes and tastes. Uncle Jeremiah left the young folks to stroll on and amuse themselves with the displays in the show windows, while he went on to rest in the hotel. Near the corner of a big store, Matilda was much shocked to see Ethelbert grinning in great amusement before a miserable old woman who was grinding a consumptive hand organ.

"Look at the statement stuck on the music box," he whispered.

She read, "Charity for the mother of seven small children and a sick husband."

"Only look at this once, will ye," Nora called from a show window near them.

They ran over to her and saw a display of calicoes and cloth. On the cloth there was pinned a card extolling the merits of the goods.

Matilda read, "This cloth will wear. Yes, it will wear forever and make you a petticoat afterward."

"Dear me," said the astonished Nora, "who'd a thought it, and only twinty cints a yard?"

Across the street there was a dime museum with a weird display of nightmare figures. A bagpipe set up its whistling, wheezing sound of hop-and-skip sounds.

"Only listen at that, will ye," said Nora. "It sings like a child crying at a caterwauling cat scratching a squealing pig. But I'll be blest if I don't belave it's one of them Scotch bag-poipes."

Ethelbert was at a near-by show window seeing things that he thought worthy of special comment. It was filled with piles of shopworn handkerchiefs, ties and colored shirts. His particular interest was centered in the statement setting forth their allurements.

"Genuine articles of high merit reduced to thirty-five cents."

"That looks like an insult to World's Fair visitors," he remarked gloomily. "That's just what it's done for me, high merit reduced to thirty-five cents."

"I wonder why these things are called point lace," inquired Matilda, at another window.

"Why, you gilly girl," replied her brother, "don't you see that every fool woman coming by here points her finger at it? That's easy."

Ethelbert went into the building and surveyed the mysteries of the big store. He decided to take the elevator for a further investigation above. In his observation concerning city manners he had noticed that some gentlemen removed their hats when ladies came into the elevators, and, as the swish of petticoats came by him he removed his hat, but kept his eyes intent upon the lever worked by the elevator boy. The door closed with a bang and the car started upward.

Hearing a chuckling laugh he looked up and was horrified to behold two headless women standing at his side. A clerk had his arms about their waists and was much amused at the respect shown the two dummies by the young man. Ethelbert clapped his hat back on his head and felt decidedly better when the clerk carried the two figures out at the first floor.

In due time the evening meal was disposed of and they gathered about Uncle Jeremiah in the front window of the hotel lobby where they could view the passersby along the sidewalk.

"What are you doing, Matilda?" asked Uncle Jeremiah, as he saw her scribbling in a note book.

"O, it's just a record of things," she explained, "which have made such an indelible impression on my mind that I don't want to forget them."

"But," continued Uncle Jeremiah, "if these things

have made an indelible impression on your mind what's the use of writing them down?"

He Removed His Hat.

"Why, of course," she replied, "so I will know what is worth forgetting."

It was a puzzler and Uncle Jeremiah gave it up.

Ethelbert came up and brother-like snatched the note book out of her hand.

"Let us see," he said against her protests, "what it is that makes an indelible impression on your mind."

"Read it if you want to," she said, "it may do you more good than me. I copied it from a memorandum in a nurse's diary, that was among an exhibit of sick room appliances."

He read:

"Woman: beware of matrimony with the miser or the spendthrift; the fickle or the fanatic; the nagger or the unconcerned; the untruthful or the zealot; the effeminate or the tyrant; the coward or the bully; one of low ideals or the mere dreamer; the jealous or the teaser; one who condemns with sneers; one whose ideas of morality are varied or are different for conditions and sex; one whose respect for you is so little that he becomes overfamiliar; one of moods and tempers; one who boasts and yet fritters away time; one who sneers at homely virtues; one who snarls at the waiter; one who growls at the street-car conductor; one who strives for personal effect in appearance or manners; one who laughs most at his own wit; one who indulges in and interprets double meanings in

conduct and talk; one who likes to kick a sheep; one who is usually amused at mishaps and who laughs at deformities.

"Moreover, avoid one who sulks, who usually doubts, who makes habitual display of superior wisdom, who frequently busies himself with how women should wear their hair; who are inconsistent and unjust in their demeanor, and who are inconsiderate of the feelings and comfort of others."

Here he was interrupted by some men coming up and taking surrounding chairs. They soon drifted into animated conversation over the various wonders of the world and its inhabitants.

"Arabia," said one. "Why man, you don't know what you are talking about when you call that a comfortable place."

"I said a comfortable place for Arabs," reasserted the first speaker.

"It's not comfortable even for lizards," continued the objector, lazily lighting a cigar. "In fact it is so hot there, that it is no uncommon thing for travellers to cook their meals on the sand. Besides that, lightning strikes with fearful force and frequency. I was dining one day with an Arab chief, under an awning on a kind of porch. He had two favorite wives on each side of him and I sat facing them. The waiter had just filled our glasses when a stroke of lightning fell out of a clear sky. I very

naturally closed my eyes, and, when I opened them I saw that one of the women was missing.

" 'Sweep up the ashes,' I heard the chief say.

"And there, sure enough, upon the floor was merely a little pile of ashes where the woman and chair had been. The waiter whisked them off in the sand.

" 'Fill the glasses.'

"I looked and sure enough the lightning had licked up every drop of the liquor."

"There are indeed strange things in this world," said a sanctimonious looking man, who until now had said nothing. "I spent one autumn in Paraguay where the fireflies are so luminous that the ladies wear them in tiny little gauze cages of nights to see by."

"That's nothing," replied another man. If you had been further down in Patagonia as I was you would have seen them so luminous that travellers use them as camp fires to cook their meals. They just hang pots on the animals' knees and boil potatoes."

"That may do for a bug-house story but the worst I ever saw were the mosquitoes down on the gulf of lower California," said another. "When I came back to my home up in New Mexico and told of the size of those creatures I was laughed at. But one day a likely young Mexican came to our ranch,

"Sweep Up the Ashes."

and, as we were in need of men, we hired him. He soon became very homesick, but one day he came in overjoyed and said that he had met an old enemy from his country. He was so pleased that he wanted us to walk up the hill and see the old fellow. To satisfy him we did so, and not far away he pointed out a long, lean, hungry sand hill crane.

" 'Him mosquito follow me here,' he said clasping his hands in admiration.

"We didn't have the heart to correct his error and we left him there paying homage to his old enemy from the Californian gulf. From that time on my friends had to believe what I said."

"That's no worse than the nigger we had in Kentucky who ran away from the yellow fever," said another man. "He was chopping cord wood one day in a clearing when a wild turkey gobbler flew up on the fence near him. With a yell he dropped his axe and ran over to where we were shearing some sheep.

" 'Look at the skeeter,' he cried, pointing out the black object on the fence. 'Right hyar arter me all the way from Baton Rouge.'

"One of our men grabbed a gun and started for the turkey.

" 'Fo' the Lawd,' exclaimed the horrified darkey. 'You kotch dat animel an' eat him all full of niggers' blood! We crack hees bones and eat the

marry, but, O Lordy, not eat de meat. Dat's cannibal.' "

"Mosquitoes are pretty numerous on the Amazon," said another traveller. "We used to leave our boats and do like the natives, climb trees. The branches are so thick that the pesky insects tear off their wings trying to get through."

"Speaking of trees," said another traveller, "reminds me of when I was in Mozambique. A species of Catalpha grows there so fast that if you stick a forked limb of it in the ground and get astride of it you can ride up and pull cocoanuts from otherwise inaccessible branches."

"That is not as wonderful as our California redwoods," exclaimed a Westerner. "I've seen them so tall that it took two men and a boy to see to the top, each one beginning where the other left off. Even then they have to look till they are tired."

"That man's tale about catalphas is nowhere by the side of our pumpkin vines," said an envious man from Dakota. "I've often planted a seed afore breakfast and after eaten' rid out to work on the vine."

"I've heard of your rich farms out in Dakota," said a man from New Hampshire, "but your pumpkin seed wouldn't do that on my farm. I've got one forty lot so poor you couldn't raise an umbrella on it."

"It's because your farms are so small," replied the man from Dakota. "Ours are so big that young married couples sometimes go across the field to milk the cows and their grandchildren bring back the milk."

"We could have things down in Arkansaw just as exciting as that," said a man from Little Rock, "if the people hadn't got so lazy since the war. Why, I have men working for me who are so lazy that they won't shake when they have a chill. That's why the side lines on the railroads are so slow. I know one where the cows get in front of the engines on purpose to have the flies knocked off of them."

"That's nothing to the railroads down in the Argentine Republic," said a traveller who had just joined the crowd. "The trains are so slow that if you miss one at your station you can walk on around and meet it at the next station. But their horses are immense. They beat Kentucky thoroughbreds. They prefer to send dispatches by riders instead of putting up telephones or telegraphs. Even the wireless couldn't beat some of them racers. I was on one once just for an experiment. I made a big bet that I could outrun the fast express engine at boiler bursting speed for twelve miles. Well, say, the milestones looked like headstones in a cemetery and the telegraph posts looked like the teeth in a fine comb. When we came to the place where we should

stop, I yelled 'Woah,' and was nearly knocked off of my seat by the word hitting me in the chest. I couldn't throw it forward further than the dashboard, and it came back like a rock, we were going so fast. It was lucky I had the lines in my hand. Of course the rains there make the country dangerous for strangers. The waterfall is so sudden that a person is drowned unless he knows enough to hold his nose and keep his mouth shut while it's coming. But it's worse danger for an unsuspecting stranger to meet one of their windstorms. Professional turners make a good living returning persons who have opened their mouth in wonder at the wind and were at once turned inside out. The only reason I don't like to live there is that the women make everything so cheap. They sell big oranges at five cents a dozen. But they are so modest that they refuse to go to school because they have a book there that contains improper fractions. The rich are quite wealthy but they get it by being stingy. Skinning a flea for its hide and tallow is not a comparison. They all sit in the back pews at church so they can have as much longer as it takes the contribution collector to reach them, the interest on the cent they put in the hat. One man was so pious that in prayer he clasped his hands so tight he couldn't get them open till after the collector had passed. Why a neighbor of mine always set his watch slow

so it wouldn't wear out so fast. Speaking of lazy people, I knew a man so consistent that he quit drinking water because he saw a sign on a water-tower that read: 'Argentina Water Works.' I saw a——"

Improper Fractions.

Everybody rose up and interrupted him.

"My heavens," said one, "who are you and what is your profession?"

His sombre face lighted with a smile.

"O, I talk to myself on the vaudeville for a living. Come over and hear me tonight at the——"

But all had fled excepting Uncle Jeremiah and Helena, whose tiredness had become so much more tired that they couldn't move.

The talker turned to the little girl.

"Did you like the stories, little one?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Why?"

Because I have a better one and I kept thinking of that all the time so I didn't hear any of the others.

"What is it?"

"O, it's about my dog, Billy."

"What about him?"

"He can jump higher than a tree."

"Really. Why he would make your fortune on the stage."

"Would you help me?"

"I would be happy to but what could I do?"

"I'd make Billy jump and you could make the tree jump."

Then the talker fled.

CHAPTER XI.

RURAL ESTIMATES IN OIL AND STONE.

Uncle Jeremiah had upon himself the burden of planning the daily excursions through the fair, and he concluded that by this time the different members were well enough informed to seek their own recreations and educational benefit.

"To-day," said he, "we will start in at the Fine Arts building and after that we will all scatter and look out every one for himself as for each one's desires. You can look as long as you want to and at whatever you enjoy most. Every evening as near as we can, we will gather, whoever wants to, in the northeast corner of the Manufactures building to go home together."

Accordingly the next morning, they entered the Palace de Beaux Arts at the Belgium exhibit.

"Some of these things are exquisitely beautiful to me at the first glance," said Uncle Jeremiah, "but I must say that there are others which one must learn to like by repeated effort as one does olives, Limburger and wine."

"Ach, seech tings, so many," was the first comment of August, as they came in. "Shust a lot of peektures."

"But aren't they wonderful and sublime?" replied Matlida.

"Ach, no, shust cheep, dirt cheep. They give seech things avay mit the newspapers for noddings. I haf a hundred not so big but shust the same. Cost me noddings. I vant to see somedings vat cost money."

"Be patient," said Uncle Jeremiah and we will get you around to such things next, but really I sometimes feel like August when I look at some of these pictures. What after all is the detail and art and canvas worth. It is the idea that counts and those that are but colored photographs are nothing by the side of the scene in nature made by the infinitely superior hand of God.

"See this one of Daniel in the Lion's Den. There is the idea of the loving mercy and sustaining justice of an Almighty Protector. You don't have to turn to any catalogue to know what it means. Look at the faithful trusting man standing fearlessly erect before the crouching baffled beasts. Every one before this picture feels the presence of an inspiration for nobler life."

"Ach, look at the women learnin' to swim," interrupted August. "They wallow 'round on the rocks as if they had skins like oxes and healt' like a bull dog."

"Look at this one called the Triumph of Faith,"

continued Uncle Jeremiah. "A woman is lying on straw in her cell asleep. Through the iron bars we can see lions gnashing their teeth in anticipation of this martyr of faith being thrown to them in the morning. But she sleeps in the peace that passeth understanding. This appeals not at all to the senses but to the soul, and that to me is the only value in art."

"Ach nahrheit," cried August, pointing to a farm scene in which was a flock of sheep. "Look at the leetle lamb rubbing its nose against the ram like a kitten. Hoo! Hoo! that painter know noddings 'bout lambs, noddings 'bout rams."

"Soul art has put deep thought even into this picture of the lioness nourishing her cubs," continued Uncle Jeremiah. "Look at her fierce motherly joy. It takes away our fear and gives us a sentiment of admiration. She has the responsibility of their lives and is raised into the fine nobility our sentiment gives to parentage."

Something in an obscure landscape scene caught Nora's attention.

"Matilda, come here," she said; "phat may this be?"

Matilda looked at her catalogue.

"This," said she, "is named 'A Grey Day.' "

"O, I know," replied Nora, delighted, "this is the ould home place oov father O'Grady back in ould

Ireland. I must tell Pat to come here and take a look at it."

"Who painted that picture?" asked an old lady, pointing to a reproduction of one of Rosa Bonheur's masterpieces.

A young man, who was probably her son, looked into his catalogue and replied that the painter was Rosa Bonheur.

"I suppose he was Eyetalian," she replied. "So many of the men dagos have women's names. Quite likely he was one of the old masters."

"No," returned the young man, "this painter was a woman."

"O, it's all the same," said the old woman, "only I should not have said she was one of the old masters but one of the old missuses."

Uncle Jeremiah and August walked on to a special pavilion display of paintings and statuary where Nora stood looking at objects with more admiration than she had displayed elsewhere.

"Sure the boss ov this place is Irish," said Nora.

"How do you make that out?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah.

"Look at the sign."

NOTICE.

"PERSONS WISHING TO SMOKE IN HERE MUST EITHER PUT OUT THEIR PIPES OR GO OUT THEMSELVES.

Uncle Jeremiah's attention was attracted by a group of statuary representing the death scene of Alexander the Great.

"Come here, Ethelbert," he called. "You are, I suppose, a Latin scholar. Can you translate that inscription for me?"

Ethelbert knitted his brows and read, "Sic transit gloria mundi." (Thus passes the glory of earth.)

Ethelbert felt that both his scholarship and his pride were at stake. He must answer and he could not hesitate long.

"Well, Uncle," he stammered, "that is a very ancient inscription, and from the best I can make out this gentleman was traveling somewhere when he suddenly died. So, they marked his grave thus, 'He was sick in transit and went to glory on Monday.' "

They were all satisfied and Nora felt called upon to make some remark in artistic appreciation.

"I must say that I loik the stoile of these statures. I can't see any where upon them a single ounce of superstitious flesh."

While they were looking at a picture wherein the Roman pagans were throwing Christians to lions, Helena seemed to have special interest in a hungry-looking little fellow, a half-grown cub, who was standing eagerly back of the ferocious monsters who were slaying the martyrs, as if he feared to

come forward where there was so much savagery over blood.

"What are you thinking about, little girl?" Uncle Jeremiah inquired.

"Was Sick in Transit."

"Just look at that little baby lion," she replied impulsively. "He looks so very hungry and the mean old lions won't let him have any."

This might have been classed as the inherent bar-

barism of childhood if its analogous parallel had not taken place a few minutes later.

She was presently found sitting with her arms around the neck of a cherub that had been set out of the way as if not properly belonging in the exhibit.

"What are you sitting there so long for?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah.

" 'Cause," she replied, "no one pays any 'tention to this little baby and it seems so cold and lonesome."

"You hear that squalling baby over there giving its mother so much trouble," said Uncle Jeremiah. "Don't you think this smiling cherub is more happy than that crying baby is?"

"That is so," said Helena, satisfied to leave the stone baby. "That for-real baby does seem to look awfully on the dark side of things."

August meanwhile had found a picture that interested him. It was a fine large reproduction of Millais' superb painting, the Angelus. He was so absorbed in contemplation before it that Uncle Jeremiah was sure it had touched his soul with deep thought.

"What do you think of it, August?" he said, coming up behind him.

"Looks like a mighty poor potato crop," he replied. "But, 'cording to their looks, they don't know enough to raise potatoes anyhow."

"Let's go over to the Agricultural building," said Nora, "where we can see something really fine. They say that over there is a grand painting of a whole farm made out of beans and corn. A woman told me she measured it and it is twenty-nine handbags long!"

Squint had been observing things also, and he noticed one thing that set him to thinking.

"I always thought that ginrals were brave men and fighters," said Squint, "but according to their pictures they are not either."

"What makes you think that?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah, considerably puzzled.

"Didn't you observe them ginrals in all the pictures. Not one of them was fighting. They were all on horses, so far away they had to look through their spy glasses to see the soldiers doing the shooting."

It was near noon and they came out of the building to seek a restaurant. The sky was dark and it looked much like rain. However, they went on out, but soon the falling drops drove them under a shed which had been used to cover building material and had not yet been removed.

"Looks like rain," said a city masher to Nora.

"Of coorse it doos," she replied. "You same to think this wetness may be coffee or tay."

The young man straightway found a post on the other side to lean against.

The shed proved to be far from waterproof, and a leak above them allowed a considerable pool to form at their feet.

"A little more of this," said Ethelbert, "and we will have a pond on the floor that will drive us out of the shed."

"What more could you expect?" asked Nora, "when we have such a big lake in the roof?"

The rain ceased suddenly and the sun shone out into steaming heat.

"Rather hot weather," ventured a man who was walking near August on the way toward the restaurant.

"Hot, hot, hot!" exclaimed August, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "If it gets mooch hotter, I'll wish I was dead and packed in an ice-house."

"Listen at the clown," said Nora. "It's loike him. The minute he feels hot it scares him. Even whin he's dead he wants to be burried in a cool place where he can take his aise all the rist of his loife."

The restaurant they found was not altogether promising, but they were getting used to such things and in a few minutes were seated together by the attentive waiter.

"I think I would really like to try some eysters," said Nora.

"The only shell fish we have left," replied the waiter, "is eggs, and the good ones are no more."

"Would you look at that," said Nora. "He thinks we don't know ducks from thadpoles, and I want eggs bad. I really want them very bad."

All right, Miss," he replied. "But I will have to serve them privately for the other guests object to being near one who is eating bad eggs."

"That's a great man, that waiter is," said Ethelbert, as the voluble fellow went into the kitchen.

August was thoughtful.

"He may of graduated at Heidleberg," said he scornfully, "but I'll betche couldn't drive on foot for five miles as I did forty head of pigs, sheep and calves, and not lose a single one."

That feat was a standard of comparison as conclusive of August's superiority over common mortals as the squirrel's assertion to the mountain that it could not crack a nut. Ever since that time, he had objected to hearing another spoken of in his presence as a great man.

In the afternoon, they completed their tour of the pictures and for a time found considerable interest in the statues. Nora began to believe that she had an inkling of art.

"Come here," she cried, "an' see this costly statare."

All went over to see what she had found and

saw her sniffing over a plaster cast bust of a ring-eared Arab painted in green bronze.

"Why do you think that is so costly?" inquired Ethelbert.

"Smell of it, smell of it, that's why."

All sniffed together.

"Ye can niver fergit the smell."

"Smells to me like green paint," said Matilda.

"Didn't the guard tell me," insisted Nora, incensed at their incredulity, "that ye could niver fergit the smell of a costly stature?

No one disputed her.

"I asked the guard how to tell the costly statures from the imertations and he said 'smell of thim,' says he, 'ye can niver fergit the smell,' an' he showed me wan to smell of, an' I can niver fergit it. I can not. It smelt like this and this is costly, very costly."

"Huh!" exclaimed Ethelbert. "Get some of this paint rubbed off on your nose and every one will be just as costly, even August."

Nora flirted away disgusted at the lack of appreciation for her method of distinguishing high art, resolved to let them henceforth die in their ignorance.

"Who is that statue?" asked Ethelbert, looking at a marble group around which was a large number of persons continually gathered, and from which

some went away with many evidences of deep emotion. Matilda and Helena had already been there and Matilda had told her its meaning. There was a woman kneeling as in deep humiliation and con-

"Smell of It."

trition. Over her a man of reverent countenance and mien was holding his hand as in admonition and blessing.

Matilda looked at Ethelbert in pained surprise at his ignorant questioning.

"I know," said Helena in awe-inspired tones, "it is the one who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and he is saying to the woman, 'Go sin no more.' "

"An' what's that name written on the card atween the fate of that statoo," inquired Nora.

Helena spelled the word "k-i-s-m-e-t."

"That is a Mohammedan word," said Matilda. "It is pronounced kis-met and means fate."

"The beggars!" exclaimed Nora. "They think we've not sinse enough to know what the statoos put on the ground whin they walk. But it's really a pain to know so mooch in one day, for I've walked so much that my kismet is aching to the bone."

Meanwhile Helena had developed a bad case of hiccoughs from some dry macaroons she was eating. Nora hurried her to a near-by faucet and gave her a cup of water.

"There now," she said, "swallow nine gulps of water and don't you get your breath till the last wan."

Uncle Jeremiah laughed.

"Why girl, you might as well give her the Aurora borealis."

"Sure," replied Nora, "and that is what I'll be giving her nixt if this don't sthop it."

Ethelbert found a statue that interested him very much and he called his friends over to see it.

"The statue of Opportunity," said Matilda. "That is a queer title and here is a supposed conversation with it printed so all can understand." She read:

"What is thy name, O Statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"Why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That I may be seized and held."

"Why so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I can not be caught."

"Huh!" exclaimed Squint, "I've heard of statoos talking but I don't believe it. I'm getting awful tired of this truck. I guess I'll go over to the Pike and wait for you at the gates."

The Palace of Beaux Arts then lost a visitor who never came back.

In the course of their walk through the numberless art rooms, Uncle Jeremiah got into conversation with a countryman much like himself.

"I don't see any sense in these things," said the countryman. "If they want to show their skill why don't they try it on something oncommon. Figures

of men and women made by nature are so much better every way and are more plentiful."

"I wonder myself," replied Uncle Jeremiah, "why people throng here to admire these marbles when it would be more useful and less work to put the stone in the corner of a house, make a doorstep of it or a tombstone. I suppose if these statues could only dance, they would be barred out of civilization as unspeakable, and yet some folks think dancing is a fine accomplishment. Purity may be a quality of the mind that can not be disturbed by such indecencies, but that state belongs only to the angels."

"Did you notice how the atmosphere changes," said the sympathizing stranger, "as you pass from the art section of French, Belgians, and Italians, to the art section of the Germans, Hollanders and English? One runs to nudity, the other is composed entirely of scenes of family, fields and homes. Art and character are close together."

"Ah!" said Nora to Matilda, as she turned from one nude statue only to be confronted by another. "These pore oncivilized haythen is only stone or they would perish with shame if they couldn't hide away. I wur not brung up to sich sights. Even the childer at home is more dacent."

Coming to a partially covered figure, Matilda was

about to peer behind the cloth, when Nora pulled her hastily to one side.

"Don't look," she cried. "If it is bad 'nough for the people who show sich things fer to be kivered up by them it must be simply awful."

Matilda agreed with her and walked on.

"That stature is no good," declared Helena to Ethelbert, as they stood before a female figure with one hand to her head as if coiling her hair.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Ethelbert. "The catalogue says it was made by one of the great masters."

"Well, he didn't know women then," declared the young art critic. "She isn't natural, for she hasn't got her mouth full of hair pins."

"She Isn't Natural."

CHAPTER XII.

GLIMPSES OF STUMPBURGIAN EPISODES.

August was satiated with art and he insisted on spending the day at the Agriculture and Horticulture buildings. Uncle Jeremiah, not desiring to go till later, gave Nora the required fares and agreed to meet them near noon at a given place in the grounds.

Nora led the way with August and the other four close at her heels. As they arrived at the ticket booth near the turnstiles, her companions, unknown to Nora, stopped a moment just around the corner to admire a dancing monkey. Some Turks fantastically equipped in all their native toggery passed by ahead of them, and drew up in line with Nora.

"I want tickets for me and my friends," said Nora, laying down the required amount, with feelings of considerable importance at her responsibility, and waving her hand backward toward the supposed friends.

"Your friends!" exclaimed the ticket agent with such a broad grin that Nora looked around and beheld the Turks crowded up close to her.

"Seven friends," he said, counting them.

Nora gave a shriek.

"Go 'way ye horrid haythen!" she cried.
Just then her companions approached.

"Tickets for Me and My Friends."

"There sir! you wicked spalpeen!" she exclaimed "Don't you see them? Do you think I'm a haythen Toork?"

The agent apologized and admitted that on closer examination he could see no resemblance.

The Stumpburg sight-seers went straight from Administration entrance along University Boulevard to the Agriculture building. The magnitude of the place overwhelmed them.

"Howly saints, what a 'normous place," Nora exclaimed. "Now let's each one take down a lane apiece and we can see the whole shebang at one walk."

Matilda protested against hurrying forward on such a 'normous task.

"I want to rest a while first. I somehow couldn't sleep last night. I'm sure my eyes never went together the whole night."

"They couldn't," interposed Helena, " 'cause you went to bed with your nose between them."

"No matter what's the matter," she replied, "I had a dreadful bad night of it, and I don't feel like doing any hurrying to-day."

"O, well, Matilda," said Helena, consolingly, "it's better to have a bad night than no night at all."

"O, do be still a little while, can't you?" said Squint reprovingly, "didn't you never hear that little children should be sawed not spoke?"

August had been walking about with unusually animated interest.

"This is the sensible place at last," he exclaimed

enthusiastically. "It is the first useful place I haf come to. It haf got loads of picture cards and seed catalogues, all for noddings."

"That is right," replied Ethelbert. "Here is where we fellows are at home and the city chaps are out of town."

"Come here, all of you," cried Squint, "and see this dude in a new style of clothes."

The Stumpburg bunch of youths hurried over to him as they did at every curiosity call.

"Here's a man made out of gum and dressed up in new-fangled iron clothes. I guess you only have to buy one suit in a life time."

Nora gazed intently at the wax warrior equipped in ancient armor.

"Who is he?" she inquired, "an' wot's he trying to show off?"

"Ach, don't you know nodding alretty?" replied August. "That is a diver, wot walks along the bottom of the sea and picks up shipwrecks. I haf many dimes see his picture. Don't he look natural?"

Helena broke into this learned discussion. She was looking at a collection of butterflies fixed on pins in a glass case. But Matilda was the only one she could interest.

"I suppose," said the child, "that if they didn't have wings and had to go like fleas, we'd have to call them butter-jumpers. Curious about these

names. I suppose some city person, visiting in the country, saw these things flying around the cows and so named them butterflies. I told a little city girl at the hotel, who liked butter and honey so well, that we had so much more than we could use that we sold some of it, which might be the very butter and honey she was eating. 'O how nice,' she said, 'then I suppose you keep a cow and a bee.' Ain't she crazy?"

"Laws, look here!" exclaimed Nora, as she measured herself by a giant cactus nearly twice her size, "but they do indade grow big cowcumbers in this house. But my, what stickers it has on. We could feed a cow on one of them for a week and then make a cornfield harrow of the rind."

Ethelbert suddenly noticed that Helena was gathering quite an extensive collection of cards, catalogues and picture pamphlets that were displayed in profusion for advertising purposes.

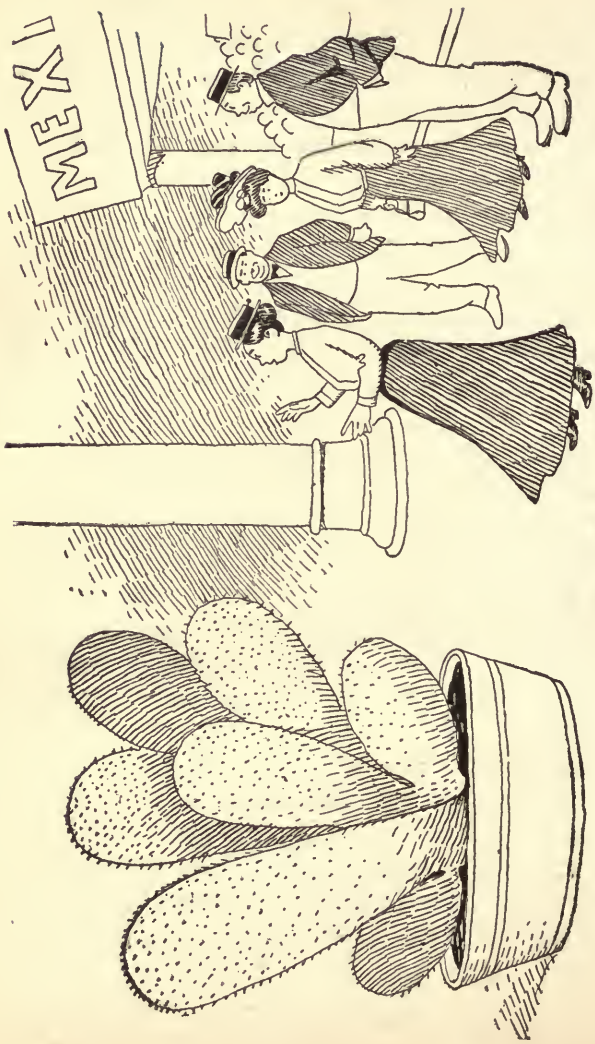
"My dear child," said he, patronizingly, "why are you encumbering yourself with all those things?"

"I just thought," she replied, "that I ought to get something for my children to remember the fair."

"So?" he replied, somewhat puzzled, "but suppose that you should never have any children."

"Well then," she asserted very positively, "I guess I can keep them for my grandchildren."

In the course of their walk down the great aisles,



Big Cowcumbers.

they were interrupted by the squeaking of a cart coming by.

"What makes that thing groan so?" asked Matilda.

"I know," replied Helena. "Don't you see it is filled with green apples."

"My dear child," said Ethelbert as in paternal reproof, since Uncle Jeremiah was not present to admonish her, "one of the most important things for a person to know and to keep in mind is that smartness is worth about as much in this life in comparison with real goodness as a hair of the eyebrow in comparison with the eye over which it grows. You are such a smart little girl now that I wonder how you'll feel when you grow up."

"O, I expect to feel strange for a day or so, but I'm not going to let any foolishness make a fool of me."

"Very well, then," said he, "I'll remember your promise and feel sure that smartness is a foolishness that will never fool you into thinking it is anything but an entertaining joke."

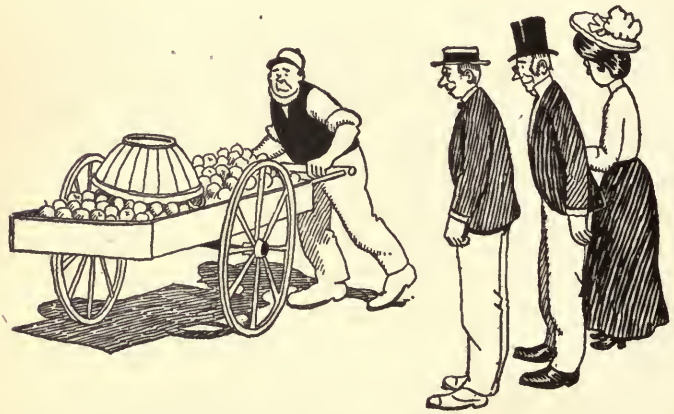
"Well, you do make me smoile," returned Nora.

"Why?" he asked, incredulously.

"Because," she answered, "I wonder if you are not repaiten to the child what you have heard, onless you are sure you make no pretense to foine smartness."

All strolled off as curiosity prompted excepting August and Nora, who were more interested in the merits of things.

They were examining some enormous potatoes in a corner of one of the state pavilions, where there was just then no one near but a guard lazily lean-

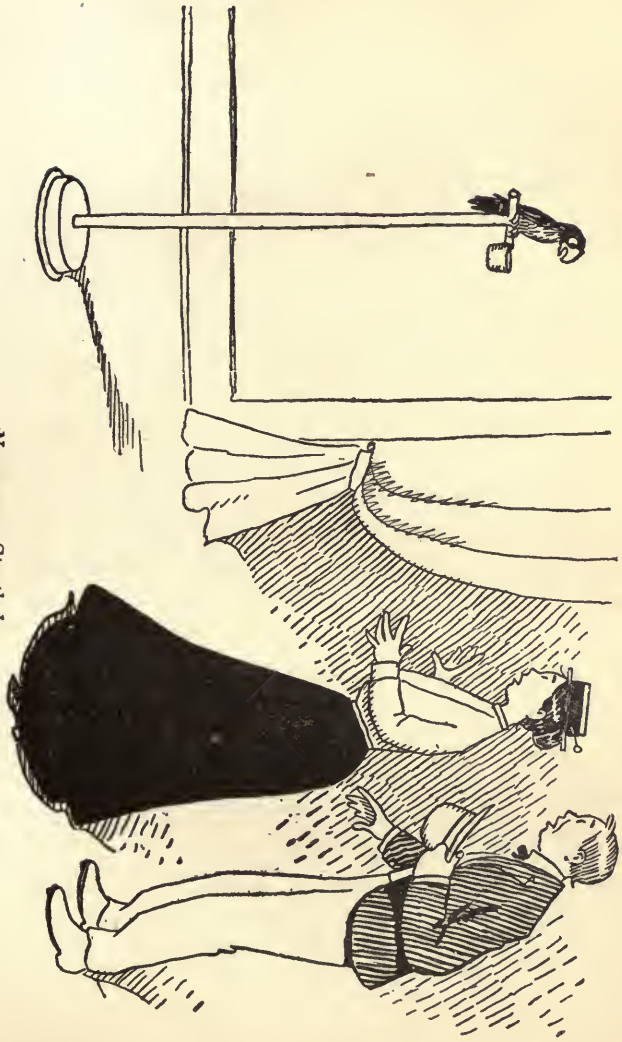


"Full of Green Apples."

ing against a post. August walked away to look at some bundles of grass, when Nora was startled by a shrill voice near by that suddenly said, "Hello, Polly."

Nora looked angrily at the only person present who could have spoken so familiarly and that was the peaceful-looking guard.

"Howdy, Polly," came the voice again.



Nora was Startled.

"I'd have ye know, sir," she exclaimed angrily "that my name is not Polly."

"Ah! Polly, Polly! Good-morning, Polly," was immediately repeated.

"If you must spake to me, spake dacent," she scornfully replied, "or I'll call August and he'll squaze yer throat till you get drunk on the cider that runs out of your Adam's apple."

The guard took no notice, as if he had not heard her, and she turned indignantly away.

"Hello, Polly, Nice Polly, Pretty Polly," was again heard.

"Look yer," she turned again to him, "a man as would talk so to a loidy could go bathing out there in the lake by the cascade, and he would wash off and fade so that I could wipe up the whole thing with a spongé and niver know such a crayture were in it. I don't want any of your forrad spache to me."

At this the guard walked up and took a look over the irate young woman.

"Glad of it," he replied. "I can get along without either your speech or your company."

"It's I that am glad of it, for so can I, so can I, and I will get along without all sich."

She turned to walk indignantly away when there arose from a neighboring cage such a shrieking and caterwauling followed by cries of "Hello, Polly, Nice

Polly, Pretty Polly," that Nora ran in all haste to August.

"Merciful hivens!" she cried. "Did you ever hear the loikes of that? It is a burrid that can spake. I thought it was the man. Sure, my cup of trouble is running over and I feel in my bones that it is not yet full, and that burrid wearing the green of Ireland. It's a burning shame so it is, the unnatural baste!"

August blinked stupidly and sat down on a bench to rest, while Nora, offended at his lack of sympathy and appreciation, busied herself elsewhere.

A pudgy-looking man profusely perspiring came up and took an adjoining seat. August looked at him attentively for a moment and then began smiling and nodding his head. The man was evidently in an irritable mood.

"Sair," he exclaimed, "you look enough to know me next time, but now you know me not."

The emphasis on the last word was a vocal explosion.

"Ach, Johnnie," he replied, "I know you last time, I know you thees time, an' I know you next time Py chemimy creeket, I know you all the time, and I tink you joost the same man I long know alretty. Do you know me not?"

August also burst the not with explosive emphasis.

In an Irritable Mood.

"Sair!" exclaimed the man, turning his back to August, "eet ees de Americain impudence. I know you not."

"Well, I know you and I know soompody who ish looking for you."

"Sair, vat you mean?" said the man, turning his head about in great disgust for a glance at his tormentor, but with a lengthened rising note that betokened curiosity if not alarm.

"Ain't you Johnny Martin as worked at Bridgeport Mills?"

"No, sair, I know you not."

"Didn't you fiddle at my apple parin' hoe-down?"

"No, sair, I know you not."

"Ach himmel, will you not blow oop with that not? If you are not that mon, you ish his dopple brodder and it is shust alike."

The man arose and leaned upon one of the statues with his back to August.

"Didn't you borrow Sam Salter's sattle one night 'thout askin'?"

There was no answer.

"Sam said eef I see you, he care noddings for the womans but he like you to send back the sattle."

The man walked away, looking back once with the expression of one who has bitten a green persimmon.

August laughed.

"Vell, I geef Sam's message anyvay, but I bet feefty cents that man neffer send back Sam's sattle."

August hastened over to Nora.

"I just talk to Johnny Martin," he said in considerable excitement, "and he say he is not and I say he is. Look at him. Is it not so?"

Nora looked at the retreating figure and then at August.

"You do be indade gone clean daft," she replied. "Sure it is you this time but it is no more himself than it is me."

August was now offended at Nora's lack of agreement and he walked on vigorously ahead.

By the time they had walked down one side of the vast house, on through the Horticultural building and back along the other side, it was nearing noon. At the north entrance, they saw Uncle Jeremiah waiting for them.

"Well, what great things have you seen?" he asked.

"A big horse made out of hops," said Nora as the spokesman. "A wild bear made of black prunes, a foine faymale of beeswax, an Indian woman made of tobacky, and a cotton nigger."

"Uncle Jeremiah," said Helena, "we are deadly hungry. We want to eat."

"So I suppose," replied Uncle Jeremiah. "There

is a restaurant across the road and we will go over and try it before we go elsewhere."

Footsore and weary, as the story books say of the sad-eyed pilgrim, Uncle Jeremiah and his party went on to that place to rest and refresh themselves.

"A Cotton Nigger."

"Let's not stay here," whispered Nora. "Do ye read them wurruds?"

Conspicuously on a post was the warning:

"Look Out for Pickpockets."

"Sure, this is their headquarters, for there's their sign."

Squint had taken a chair next to August. "Mr.

Waiter," he said, "how long can a person eat here for half a dollar?"

"Weel," he answered, "a fair sized mon like yerseel ought to ate half a dollar in aboot teen minutes."

"I know when I've got enough," replied Squint, "but I had to ask on account of August, here. He's liable to eat all day, if there's no set time."

August looked over the bill of fare. There were eggs, blue points, deviled crabs, milk and crackers, tomato puree, watermelon and potatoes all kinds of ways, with many other articles that he had never heard of.

"Squint," he whispered, "do you think we might take a blue pint between us an not get tipsy?"

"You crazy," replied Squint. "That's not to drink. It's points not pints and it's something so little it makes only a blue speck on your plate."

"But I wonder what's done to the tomatoes to make 'em puree?" he continued.

"Ethelbert," he asked, "what's the deviled crabs?"

"Don't you know common English yet?" he replied. "When you devil people, it's teasing and tickling them till they get mad, so they catch these crawfish and tickle them under the short ribs till they turn red and die. Then they are deviled crabs."

"Then I'll take an egg, a biled potato, a bowl of milk and a slice of watermelon."

"I'm sorry to say," said the waiter, "that the

watermelons we got this morning are too green to serve."

"Never mind, Squint," said Ethelbert, "just order it anyway. It'll be ripe by the time you get it."

"Perhaps," said the waiter, "you would like some green turtle soup?"

"No," replied August. "I want something ripe."

The waiter brought three eggs, a potato and a bowl of milk to each.

"Did you notice that?" said Nora. "We can have New York counts in our eyster soup, but I'm no cannabal and the cook can lave the counts out."

Some Algerians came in and took a table near. Nora looked at them in disgust. "I think scarfs look better 'round one's waist," she said, "instid of 'round the head, and I don't loik the way them baggy people dress. I can't tell whither they be men, women, suspicious characters or haythen. I heard some nice sassiety chaps making foine sport of thim."

"That's easy to explain," said Ethelbert, "it is because the foreigners didn't have creases in their trousers."

A disconsolate-looking man sat near Uncle Jeremiah and by his side was a big bass drum. Uncle Jeremiah thought to cheer him a little by being friendly.

"I suppose you are enjoying the fair?" he ventured to remark.

"Enjoying it," he snorted. "I should say not. I was lured here from my happy home down near Cairo, expecting to make big pay."

"Look," whispered Nora, "the man is a haythen. He comes from Egypt, but he's dressed different. What a change it makes in their looks."

"Enjoy the fair!" he continued. "Why, I have nearly died. If I stay here much longer they'll have to take me back in a six-foot box. I was first hired out to drum for Jerusalem, and I had to fix up like an Arab and wear their scarecrow togs. In day time I burnt and in evenings I froze. Then I got a place in a Dutch sausage restaurant and I had to sit by the sizzling frankfurters and drum till I was burnt like the smallpox, with spattering grease. Then I got a place in the mummy house, where I had to ding-dong funeral marches, and I'm no soloist, twelve hours on the stretch. I've quit with enough to get the drum home. If I can't get a freight car back I will hoof it. Enjoy the fair, naw! I've seen nothing and I wouldn't see any more for the whole shooting match."

He shouldered his drum and left with an expression made from sour lemons.

"How long have you been here?" asked a weary looking woman, of Matilda.

"Three days," answered Matilda.

"Have you seen much?" she continued.

"O, wonders," replied Matilda, enthusiastically.

"How long have you been here?" she asked in reciprocal friendliness.

"Two days."

"Had to Fix Up Like an Arab."

"Have you seen much in that time?"

"I can't say exactly," she said, sadly. "You see my darter wanted me to see the big woman all made out of oats that she read about, and I can't find her. I can't stay but one more day and I think I'll give up the hunt."

A restaurant band had been playing some soft but very spirited music, when with several long-drawn extra flourishes they gave a loud climax and suddenly ceased. Then the loud voices of many people talking at the tables became ridiculously conspicuous.

"My, that's curious!" exclaimed Nora.

"What's curious?" some one inquired.

"What s'prises me most," she explained, "is not the noise them fellers kin make, but how on earth they can stop all at once together."

"That's easy," replied Ethelbert. "Each one is allowed just so much wind to start with and they, of course, all get out of breath at exactly the same instant."

"O, yis," exclaimed Nora, much relieved to know how it was done. "I thought maybe there was some kind of a time-lock set to plug up their instruments."

"Waiter," said Uncle Jeremiah to one standing near, with nothing to do, "you seem to know those three distinguished looking gentlemen over there, and they have aroused my curiosity. I never saw finer looking types of manhood. I suppose they belong to some foreign courts."

"Know them, well I guess," he replied. "I ought to know them now or I never will. The gent on this side, I tends bar fer him tree yeers, the next feller has a shop next to him, where I shaves, an' the

other takes my bets on the races. Yer right, old man, they're jolly good chaps straight to the bone."

Uncle Jeremiah gasped, as the waiter hurried away.

"Why," he exclaimed, "that proves nobody can put any dependence in reading the cognomen of city folks."

Seeing that no more was to be ordered, their waiter flung around a pencil-marked slip at each plate. They all looked to see what their food had cost them.

"August," said Ethelbert, "you must return your eggshells and potato peel and get something back."

August looked glum but said nothing.

"Look here," said Nora, "this skinned pie cost me five cents a bite.

"I suppose," she continued, indignantly, "it's five cents to sit down, five cents to get up and five cents for using your own handkerchief for a napkin. That would bring my bill down in the neighborhood of decency."

"Yes, an' I've got five cents added to mine," said Squint, "fer hangin' my cap on the coat hook."

"I guess it's philanthropy," said Nora; "these waiters be hold-up robbers in the winter and they be jist soberin' down practicin' in here."

August motioned to the waiter.

"You got marked tane cents fer crackers," he

said, "an' you bring me no crackers. Shust take tane cents off."

"Can't do it," said the waiter. "It's not my fault if you didn't get it. I ordered it and the man back there marked it and I can't change it."

"You can't change it?" indignantly replied August. "Well, I can. Shust look how easy."

The waiter protested.

"Gooka heer mal, Meester Waiter," he exclaimed. "You see me knock the crackers oudt mit thees pencil in my handt, then you see me knock de egg, an' prater and milk down to decent price, an' then you see me knock your hedt off if dare is any trouble ofer sich ferdampte swindles. Dere is kvarter tollar. Fife cents apiece for efferytings. Goot-bye."

August walked out unmolested.

Uncle Jeremiah collected the remaining checks and laid the required amount in the waiter's hand.

"Aren't you going to remember the waiter?" that functionary said, pathetically.

"Remember you? O, yes," said Uncle Jeremiah. "If you ever find yourself at Stumpburg, come and see me."

CHAPTER XIII.

DIVERTING VARIETIES AS THE SPICE OF CURIOSITY.

Variety is the spice of life according to some domestic phrase maker, but it is more than that to an exposition, according to the tastes of equally varied visitors. In fact it is the whirl from one thing to another that causes those who could not otherwise walk a block to amble along nimbly mile after mile without a thought of the tired feeling they so often enjoy.

The Stumpburgians scattered broadcast, though they had some system in keeping along the same general direction and within reaching distance of each other for emergencies. They were swallowed up in the crowds like minnows in the sea, until August came to the surface with the astonishing proportions of a whale.

He unwittingly created a considerable panic on the way back to the Liberal Arts building, where Uncle Jeremiah desired them to spend the rest of the day. Matilda had given Nora her camera to carry and she in turn gave it over to August. When she wanted it, August had become separated from them and Nora ran to find him. Presently he learned that Matilda wanted the camera, so he ran toward

her, trying to get her attention by calling out, "I haf the schmall pox, I haf the schmall pox."

The people parted from before him as if he were indeed the pestilence.

"Go way! go way!" cried a group of women, scattering like a flock of sheep before a wolf. August

"I Haf the Schmall Pox!"

stopped short and gazed after them in speechless wonderment.

"Vas ist los mit the wimmens?" he sputtered. "Haf they ferricked, haf they lost someding mit their heads?"

Matilda came up, took the camera and walked away with him, till they were once more swallowed up in crowds that knew nothing of his having the "schmall pox."

The sight-seers wandered into the Fine Arts building among a fine exhibition of rare vases, several specimens being marked or catalogued with prices ranging into several thousand dollars.

"What are these slick painted things for?" inquired Nora.

Ethelbert regarded them closely with thoughtful attention for several minutes without replying. He wanted to study out their use to a certainty before answering.

"It is very probable," he said, cautionsly, "that these are the costly cuspidors of aristocracy."

"Phat's that?" inquired Nora. She was usually from ten to fifty per cent more Irish during any sharp surprise than either just previous to taking or after. So, we record that she said, "Phat's that?"

"That, my dear uncultured friend," replied Ethelbert, "means the spittoons of the Vanderbilts, Astors, Morgans, Rockefellers, and Rothschilds, the pampered rich of modern commercialism."

"So they spit in them," said Nora, in disgust. "No woonder they get bad stomachs and bald heads indulging such extravagant tastes."

They were interrupted by several Turks coming by in animated explosions of conversation.

"Do they really call that sputtering a language?" asked Nora, in prospective disgust at the lingual

classifications of scholars and the schools. "I wonder how it ever got mistook for speech."

Ethelbert thought it his duty to inform her, and most anything was supposed to pass as information with her.

"Haven't you heard of the tower of Babel, where all these languages were made?" he asked. "Of the many different ways by which the various languages got started the origin of Turkish is the most singular. At the moment when the change of languages took place, a man was lying asleep on his back under a scaffold with him mouth open. A man above him with a bucket of mortar was so shocked at not understanding his own voice that he upset the bucket of mortar and it poured straight down into the sleeping man's mouth. It of course awakened him and what he arose and said to the man above was Turkish. You understand that the fellow with the mortar found himself talking Irish."

"I suppose that is a tale handed down from your famous forefather," she replied, "for I nivver read of it in any cyclopedia, but I would not give it away in the story that he was such a lazy hod-carrier."

Matilda called them over to an exhibit labeled, "Relics of the Dark Ages."

"What does that mean?" she inquired.

"I guess it must a been the toime whin all the white people was naygers," suggested Nora. "Or,

maybe the sun kept setting and couldn't make the turn to rise."

Ethelbert laughed sarcastically.

"You ignorants!" he exclaimed. "That was the time when no one washed for a thousand years."

"O my, O me!" exclaimed Helena rapturously.

What He Said was Turkish.

"Just think how long people live when they don't have to take baths."

The flock was scattered for quite awhile, when it was suddenly brought together at a sharp squeal and vigorous beckoning from Helena. She was standing entranced before a doll bazar. It was indeed a fairy-land for children. Here was the only place in the exposition where Helena took notes,

though Matilda had to do it for her. This matter of such special interest to her was the laws, rules and regulations pertaining to dolls, a kind of moral ethics for the proper conduct of make-believe babies.

The following are a few of the musts and dont's:

"A china doll mustn't hit its head against its mother for fear of making her cry.

"Wooden dolls must keep away from the place where the rocking part of a chair curls up from the floor.

"Wax dolls must carefully avoid all closeness to fires, as fires have a bad effect on their complexions.

"An old cracked doll with a sweet smile and lively eyes is more blessed in the love of the little mothers than one with sour face and a glassy stare.

"Don't lie around on the floor to be cuffed by the cat, worried by the dog, and walked on by the giants.

"Don't tousle up your hair by sliding off of chairs on to your head, for one of the little mothers will try the comb on you and off goes your scalp.

"Don't be a coquette, for your admirers may fight over you and pull you to pieces.

"Don't be jealous, for you are neither a mind-reader nor a hypnotizer, so you can't help what happens.

"Don't think of suicide if you are cast aside for another favorite. This world is naturally incon-

stant and fickle, but you do not know when the stork may bring another little mother into the house who will think you are the best thing that ever was."

Helena was very much pleased with her share in Matilda's note book.

"I am sure that it is heathens that make all the dolls," she said, when she read through, with the help of Matilda, the directions given for the conduct of her numerous make-believe household.

"Why do you think the doll-makers are all heathens?" Matilda asked the child.

"Well, I have never seen any that can stand on their knees. I have to lay mine always on their stomachs when they say their prayers."

Helena was much attracted by a winking, laughing, walking doll exhibited in one of the booths. She carried nine cents in her pocketbook, but the doll was marked three dollars. She resolved all kinds of schemes in her mind for its possession, and there appeared no way to get the required money except by taking up a collection. She undertook this task privately, reserving Uncle Jeremiah for the last. In due time his turn came.

"Uncle Jeremiah," she said, "I've been taking up a subscription to donate me the beautifulest doll you ever saw. It's just like a baby for real."

"How much does it cost?" asked Uncle Jeremiah.

"Three dollars."

"How much have you succeeded in collecting?"

"O, I've got nearly enough," she replied. "All I need from you is two dollars and eighty-six cents."

Such an appeal was irresistible, and Uncle Jeremiah completed the fund. She was soon the owner of the wonderful doll, and there was very little in the exposition of any interest to her during the rest of the day.

Uncle Jeremiah was strolling along through the building near where they were to meet at going-home time, when he discovered that not one of his proteges was in sight, and so the hour remaining could be spent according to his own fancy. An exhibit of books attracted his attention. He was reading over some titles when an alert attendant came up.

"Are you interested in books?" he inquired.

"O, some'at," was Uncle Jeremiah's evasive reply. "Down in Stumpburg, Hooppole township, Posey county, we think more of hogs than books."

"Why, that interests me," warmly replied the young man. "I was born at Harmony, down on the Wabash, and I'm going to make my headquarters at Cynthian next winter. I'm glad to know you

Come in and have a cigar. We can't smoke here, of course, but it will be all right in the evening."

Uncle Jeremiah was tired, and the chair by the desk was comforting. He accepted the new-found hospitality.

"By the way," the book man began insinuatingly, "I would like to be appreciated a little down in your section when I come to live there this coming fall, and I believe I have something very acceptable that I can send to your family."

Uncle Jeremiah began to suspect something and he wanted to find out what it was that he suspected. He let the young man do the talking as the surest way.

"A big Bible manufacturing company in the East failed last month," he continued, "and threw onto our hands a hundred Bibles of such superb make as to retail at fifty dollars each. By a little hocus-pocus, I can get one down to your family for ten dollars, transportation prepaid. Just to show you what it is, look at this. It's too heavy to lift, so step over here and see the costliest single book ever put into print."

"No one can sit in the chair of commercial hospitality without paying for it," muttered Uncle Jeremiah, as he obeyed the summons.

The young man made an eloquent display of the

volume and then called a meek-looking assistant over to them.

"Take this gentleman's address," he ordered, "and send him this identical book so it will arrive at his house ahead of him as a kind of welcome home."

"You are making just forty dollars," he added,

"By the Way," the Book Man Began.

"as my remembrance to your family, and you can either pay me now or sign this memorandum, which I will present to you when I move down into your country in the Fall."

Uncle Jeremiah had seen swindles before, and this was not novel enough to be interesting. He looked at his watch. "Well, I guess I'd better be

going," he said. "Much obleeged to you, but I am acquainted with the manager and owner of the company. He was down this Spring in our country and he sold a few of them fifty-dollar Bibles at eighty per cent discount just to keep his hand in, and for friendship's sake. Our home book store man has costlier ones that he sells for three dollars. You can't beat us on prices, but I don't mind telling the managing officer over these exhibits what a bargain you have in Bibles for us countrymen, and he may be 'round to-morrow."

Something happened, for, the next day when Uncle Jeremiah came by this exhibit, the liberal young man was gone, and the costly Bible had also disappeared.

August had become tired of the Palace of Liberal Arts in the latter part of the afternoon, and so wandered from one place to another till he came into the Electricity building.

Here he came up to a special pavilion of whizzing dynamos, where he was confronted by a sign in his way which read:

"KEEP OUT
THIS MEANS YOU."

It was no bar to his progress.

"Didn't you observe the sign?" inquired an attendant.

"No, sir," he replied, "but I saw it."

"Then you can't read."

"Yes, sir, I can," August replied. "The sign says it means you. That lets me in. But if you don't want me in here, I will go out or I vill get somepody vat vill go out. Only I want won question asked, Wat is this ting?"

The attendant surveyed him critically.

"I see you are a farmer, so I will answer you in the language of the farm. Maybe you can understand it then, and ask no more questions. This is a plant."

"Wat tings do it raise on the plant?"

"Currents."

"How mooch a gallon do you sell?"

"We sell by the shocks."

"O, you tink you are so cute."

"Yes, my bucolic friend, and it will be electrocute, if you wander around here alone, so you had better shoot before I plant the currents into your system in such a quantity of shocks that even the patrol wagon can't convey your remains to the morgue."

August vanished as rapidly as his legs could convey him away.

Presently the Stumpburg flock came up to Uncle Jeremiah and swept him around the sunken garden into the mines building. An exhibit of silver ore

with some silver bullion covered by silver coins of different nations caught Nora's wondering attention.

"How on earth did they ever get the silver out of them rocks?" she inquired.

"Don't you know that?" replied Ethelbert. "Every ten-year-old ought to know that. They smelt it out."

"Well, you can't smelt anything out of that joke," returned Nora. "You might as well tell me that they eat it out for the taste."

"O, come on," said Helena, "let's look at the big bones. My eyes get winky looking at the theological specimens."

She went away from the geological exhibit in mineralogy much out of sorts, but presently returned even more so.

"What's the trouble?" asked Uncle Jeremiah. She pointed out a man against whom she cast indignant glances.

"That man asked me how old I am. I said eight. He said, 'May you have many such periodical aches, with long ears of prosperity."

Just then she spied a little girl who had been next to her at the breakfast table that morning. They began playing hide-and-seek as an entertainment much superior to World's Fair sight-seeing. Some of the child's brothers and sisters came up

from unseen places and joined in the play. Nora and the children's mother were thus brought together. Nora asked how many children she had, as they began to accumulate and swell the hide-and-seek party.

"A pretty fair-sized bunch to take care of in a place like this," answered the woman. "I have five sons under ten years of age, and each of them has three sisters."

"Lor!" gasped Nora, incredulously. "What a family!"

She hastened after Helena and got her away before there was danger of her being lost in the family crowd.

"Helena, what does this belong to?" asked Uncle Jeremiah, pointing to a piece of gold ore.

"To the mineral kingdom," she promptly replied.

"And this?" pointing to a rose.

"To the vegetable kingdom."

"And what do you belong to?"

"We've not got any king in this country," she replied, "so I belong to the kingdom of heaven."

"Very good," replied Uncle Jeremiah. "Be sure that you live loyal to your kingdom."

On their return to the hotel that afternoon, they found that August could be accommodated with a room there and he at once moved over. Everything was therefore harmonious and lovely until August

was given the check for his evening meal. He felt in his pockets as if he had forgotten something, but could find no money.

"What is the matter?" asked Uncle Jeremiah.

"I gave my money to the hotel clerk," he answered.

"Why?"

"Don't you see the sign at the counter?" returned August, in self-defense. "It says, 'Not responsible for valuables unless left in the office with the clerk.' My money is valuables, ain't it? Besides, the hotel is more able to stand the loss than I am."

Uncle Jeremiah laughed.

"I see, August, that you are turning Irish."

August was not altogether certain.

"Is there any danger?" he inquired.

"None if the hotel does not go bankrupt."

August left the table and went to the clerk.

"I wish my money," he said.

The clerk took out his package.

"O, you haf it, I see. Well, if you haf it, I don't want it. Only, if you don't haf it, I want it. Yet, berhaps I petter haf five dollar."

The clerk took out a five dollar bill and gave it to him. August went away, fully satisfied.

The young folks took seats together in one of the parlor windows.

"Mercy me, I am so tired," exclaimed Matilda. "This fair is too big."

"Huh!" said Ethelbert. "You ought to be thankful that you don't have to walk over it at night."

"What's the difference?" she asked.

"It's bigger at night."

"How can that be?"

"Dead easy," he answered. "Because then every foot is an acher."

CHAPTER XIV.

BUCOLIC ESTIMATES OF THE OPERATIC ART.

The rural visitors thought that they could not spend at most more than two or three additional days at the Fair, and they were lamenting this fact as they were completing their evening meal. As time was short, it must be economized to be well spent, and their plans were accordingly made. A slight commotion caused them to look around.

"Sure an' it's Uncle Jerry and the kids at the table thar, I come to see," said a familiar voice back of them, as an attendant escorted a sun browned farmer to them.

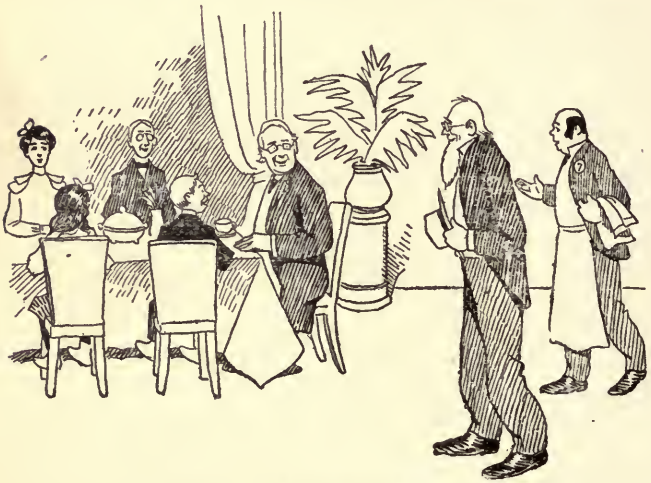
"Look at 'im, look at 'im," cried Nora. "It's me father, an' who'd a thought it."

"Sure enough, I couldn't stay away when August's mother brought over to us that woonderful letter of Nora," he said, taking a chair at the table. "Meester Bramms come oop an' I just got in the same sate of the car and here I am. We have been seeing the Fair this avening together. Sure it's a woonderful place. I promised the auld woman that I'd get Nora to write her so she would know I got here with all me bones."

"But I'm going right away after eating to the

Pike, with August," said Nora, "to see the illoomination, and then we're coming back to the opery."

"O, ye air?" he said, "an' phat's the Poike? Seems I heeard of the baste afore. I caught wan wanst meeself with a hook back in the auld coun-



"Sure an' It's Uncle Jerry and the Kids!"

try. But who'll write me letter to yer mither, Nora?"

"I'll write your letter," interrupted Ethelbert. "Then Matilda and I are going to the opera."

"Good b'y ye air," he replied. "But the opery. O, yes, I heerd o' that thing too. I want to go lang wid ye."

"All right," laughed Ethelbert. "We can have the pleasure of your criticism on grand opera."

After the meal was finished Ethelbert led the way to the room supplied for those who wrote letters.

"Now, what shall I say?"

"Dear Meeses O'Hara:

"Nora is right, it is a woonderful fair, an' I'll try to bring some of it to ye. Ethelbert is writing this for me and he can say the rist, after I have finished it."

This suggestion put the mischief into the young man's head and a mighty thought struck him as to what he would include. Mr. O'Hara was a prosperous farmer, but he never spent a cent when he could get along without it, and there were many things that Mrs. O'Hara sadly needed at the village store which she could never get.

"I will come home with the party," he continued to dictate, "an' whin I am home I will tell you what Nora has forgot."

"There," he said to Ethelbert, "I have said it all an' ye can wind it oop in fashion." With that he went off to hunt up Uncle Jeremiah.

Ethelbert continued the letter:

"I do be seein' sich sights as no mortal crayture iver laid two eyes on befure. It softens my heart and I think of you with the old calico dress. Go at once an' buy a linsey woolsey an' all the rest

to yer heart's content. Ye nade a new churn, an' throw the old cook stove out in the yard and have a new wan cookin' on when I come back hungry for a good supper. Slapin' on sich foine beds here, I can endure the old wan no longer, and I want ye to have the best in the sture ready for me to slape on whin I come home tired out with tramin' over the sights an' loaded with the great larnin' of this woonderful exposition. Now don't you miss what I say or there'll be trouble when I come home so tired and hungry and stuck up wid the woonderful fair.

"Your loving husband,
"PATRICK O'HARA."

Ethelbert hurried the letter to the mail box and then returned to get ready for the opera.

Patrick being so much older than the children, he felt that he must lead the way, and when he arrived at the entrance of the theatre he inquired of a bystander: "An' is this the place where we look at the woonderful opery?"

"Well, it's not as wonderful as some operas," was the reply, "but you can get a look for the money."

"Can we buy a look for iny rasenable sum?"

"Cert! It's a stand up for a dollar apiece. Or, you can sit with the bald heads in the front row for two, or you can take a chair in a box for three."

"Then I'll stand oop with the crowd," asserted

Patrick. "I'm no baldhead yet, an' I want no chair in a box."

Ethelbert went to the office window and bought three seats in the balcony.

The old man was the most attentive of spectators and asked more questions than either of his companions were able to answer, though they were well posted on dramatic terms.

"What do you think of it, Pat?" inquired Ethelbert, when they were all gathered together in Uncle Jeremiah's room to discuss the show.

"I understand grand opery now," he assured them. "My old woman has been a preemy douny for years an' I didn't know it. Her high notes have brung the cows fer a mile. I have been a dramatic tenor all the time, fer I can yell the horses out of the cornfield or the back pasture frum the yard fence. I can sing a soothing syrup chant to the calves that puts thim to slape while I crop their ears, but I don't sing no song at the bull till I'm safe through the gate. Beats all how them actors and actoresses can't spake without singin'. It's just loike my hired man; he can't stop whistlin' 'cept when he eats and slapes. So they sings fightin' or lovin' or workin' or thinkin'. Tut, tut. I don't believe it."

"I can't say but I somewhat agree with Neighbor O'Hara," said Uncle Jeremiah. "It all seems so unnatural. The Italian screams, the German

moans, the Frenchman shrugs, the Englishman bellows and the American warwhoops. When I want to see acting I'd rather go to a real play; when I want to hear music I'd rather go to a real concert; when I want to hear singing I rather be with a few congenial persons in someone's home, where we can hear real songs of genuine sentiment."

"I have my nerves under good control," continued Uncle Jeremiah, "but the enthusiasts around me were a bigger show than the one in front. There was a wild German in front of me who must have had the artistic temperament of a jackass. 'Ach der schweineri,' he said, over and over, to his group of friends. 'Ve haf been schwindled alretty. Zwei tollar I pay to hear de French horn and it is all so mooch as a sexteenth note out of tune. Donnervetter! Listen! Vill it effer coom back. O, no, no, no! It go on. It go on foreffer. I must hold my ears and see noddings, or I go mad! I vill go mad!' Then August varied the monotony by getting excited. 'Ach himmel!' he said, as he caught sight of the trombone player, 'look at that feller running that thing down his throat and out again.' Some people got up and yelled to bring the singers back and Nora got excited. 'O, murther,' she said, 'how insulting they are to the poor people who have done their best. They are making them do it all over

again.' I was sorry my seat was not near Matilda. I wonder how she enjoyed it all."

"Matilda had a miserable time," replied Ethel-

"Out of Tune!"

bert before she could answer. "It was awfully painful to her. She wept most of the time."

"O, Ethelbert," she expostulated, in mild reproof, "you know how profoundly I enjoyed it. Especially the violin solo."

"Yes," Ethelbert admitted, "I believe she did go into ecstacies over the soulful art of the young man."

Matilda defended her wrought-up feeling and insisted on having Uncle Jeremiah express his opinion of the wonderful violin performance. He told her that his thoughts were not yet well enough collected, but that the next evening he would be able to express himself. Matilda did not forget his promise, and the following night, when they were all together in his room, she returned to her request for his opinion of the superb violin music. He drew a piece of paper from his pocket.

"To-day, while I was watching some children in a merry-go-round," he said, "I felt coming over me the inspiration to express myself on the high art of the great stringed virtuoso. It swung into rhyme as follows:

"Last night Matilda took me out
To hear a feller play
Upon a fancy fiddle in a highfaluting way.
He stuck the fiddle 'gin his neck
And sawed it forth and back
As if it was a gristle
An' he was my bull-dog Jack.
Says I to her, 'with all them quirks,
He'll never git to goal.'
'Be still,' says she, 'he's givin' us
The longings of his soul.
He's yearnin' for his ego,

(I think that was the word),
To shout out to the universe
And make itself be heard.'
Said I, 'That yearnin' business
And those longing fancy fads
Makes me think of poster pictures
Made by impression dabs.'
In my day the fiddlers' motion
Did not come from yearnin' loons
Those fiddlers had a notion
That they played to give us tunes.
So I'll never get in art so deep
As to feel a fiddle's squeals
As long as I can soundly sleep
And digest all my meals.'

"O, Uncle Jeremiah, how horrible," she exclaimed.

"Well," he replied. "It is not exactly true to history, but you know that poetic license allows a poet to fix things up so they rhyme. After the poetic inspiration had gone off of me I read what was written, and sure enough it was not altogether straight on what had happened, but it was mighty near to what I felt."

She didn't press the matter any further,

Patrick O'Hara did not last longer than the next day. He said there was too much of it and the pace was too swift for him. The wonders were too trying on his eyesight. He preferred the hills, coal-shafts and blooming trees about Stumpburg.

Instead of being loud with praise, he was silent with indignation until Uncle Jeremiah wrought upon one of the sore spots and caused him to find speech.

"I suppose there never was anything of world-interest before," said Uncle Jeremiah, "wherein women took such a large part."

"Take a loorge part," Patrick blurted out in fine scorn. "Why, they hev took it all, at all. Didn't I see thim ivery place I wint either persuading or bossing the men? Show me the man that has a soul long enough for a woman to get hold of and I'll show wan with a ring in its nose being led like a lamb to the slaughter house. It do make my blood bile til I'm bilious hearing about loidy managers, loidy clerks and on down to loidy wash-ladies. This morning I saw a drove of thim coming out of a bilding where they hed bin resolooting about things till I tell ye the fair is run by them faymales, as is nayther women nor men. They'd be running the wurreld if it warn't for the Toorks on wan side and the Chinamen on the other. Whin they git the use of their thrue fate in China and take the veil off of their nose in Toorkey then the women in America will have risen to the upper hand. The divil will be snooping round ivery man's home, and the men'll have to slape in the woods."

The next morning he took the train for home and when he saw the transformation in his house,

A Drove of Lady Managers.

caused by the liberties Ethelbert had taken in writing for him which had been effected that very morning, before his arrival, he was speechless for an hour. Then he said, "O, Biddy, how did it happen?"

She called on a neighbor to read to him the letter which he had written to her from the fair.

"And did I, indade, order all that?" he inquired in a dazed way.

"You surely did," replied the reader, "for here it is in your own letter."

"It was, indade, a woonderful fair," he said musingly, "but I'll nivver go there any more."

Pat was one who did not appreciate the fair and his criticism amused Uncle Jeremiah so that it caused him again to drop into rhyme.

"Of course I immensely enjoyed the fair," said he, "because the youngsters did, but I have written something here that is not a thousand miles from my sentiments."

He took out an envelope, upon which were scribbled in pencil the following:

"Like several other fellows
With more time than common sense,
I went out to Saint Looey
To see the fair commence.
And such a jumble as was there
I never saw before.

Not even when they're counting stock
Up at the cross-roads store.
As for the show, it's powerful fun,
But, pshaw! most of the things
Are no more use to anyone
Than fools and diamond rings."

"That is because we are farmers," replied Ethelbert, philosophically, "but I say we have seen things and heard things that will keep us thinking for a long time and that is worth it all to us."

"That is true, and well said, my boy," replied Uncle Jeremiah. "I just now think of a special one out of the many experiences. You remember the man who was going about the fair with me quite frequently during the last few days. He became very confidential at last, and, as a friendly act earnestly advised me to put a thousand or more in wheat among the speculators on the board of trade, as it was, he claimed, the safest investment on earth, and the surest in the world to make money. He was so positive about giving me a friendly piece of advice that I asked him what reason he had for being so positive. At first he refused to tell me, but at last I persuaded him to give me the secret of his sure knowledge. He said he was treasurer of his church down in the state and that he had invested a thousand dollars of the Lord's money along with a thousand of his own and it was a sure

thing that the Lord wouldn't lose His money and injure the church by letting the market go down. So it was the safest and surest investment on earth while the Lord's money was in September wheat."

"I had several shocks during my visit," said Ethelbert. "You may have seen me around with a swell city chap during the last few days. As we have three windmills on our farm, you know I can see the difference between a windmill and an electric fan. As he never saw a windmill till we walked into the exhibit of windmills, he didn't know the difference. Well, some one had permission, probably, as a temporary convenience, to keep some fine hogs for show in a pen among the exhibits of windmills.

"'There, do you see that?' the city chap said. 'We treat city hogs a great deal better than you folks do country hogs. I'll bet you don't put up big electric fans over them in the country to keep them cool.'

"But that was nowhere," he continued, "by the side of the shock I received about the second day after our arrival. I was in a crowded part of the town when at a street crossing I saw a crowd collecting. A policeman was coming across the way with a young lady quite stylishly dressed in blue and white India silk. As the crowd pressed upon them she looked several times into his face with the

most innocent inquiry as to why she was taken into such custody. Everybody could see that she was a bad, guilty woman, and that these looks were

A Bad, Guilty Woman.

just put on, as the policeman never paid any attention to them, but just went on attending to his duty. She couldn't get the sympathy of the peo-

ple by any such art. Everybody thought it was a fine example that the law is no respecter of persons, but impartial alike to all.

"A man next to me told his wife that he reckoned she had robbed somebody or maybe done worse. Still she was so young and lovely, so pretty and respectable looking that everybody felt sorry. I heard a woman tell another that it showed the dreadful pitfalls of the city for the innocent. Another one said it was plain she had no shame left or she would have fainted away right there at the disgrace.

"We could see that the policeman was so accustomed to such things that he walked right on without any interest but to bring the woman to justice.

"He took her on to the corner, where an old man was standing and I saw a man point him out to his wife as the one she had probably robbed.

"But that craning crowd just fell to pieces and lost itself when the girl kissed the old man and the policeman said, 'Father, have you been waiting long?' "

CHAPTER XV.

NOTES ON FEMININE FANCIES AND PIKE BARKERS.

A few days diligently spent in the wonderland of nations makes the streets and aisles familiar tramping ground. A party can rarely hold together longer than mutual safety requires, for each one likes to linger over what he most enjoys or hurry on past what others pause before too long. Persons are everywhere seen taking notes which they never afterward read, just as persons afterward buy descriptive and pictorial books which they never read or refer to.

The vast rich scenes are stored in the mind and it is painful to force their recall. They are pleasurable only as a special and occasional memory. Matilda thought it was her duty to take notes, for she had promised her parents to do so that she might have them as a memento of things seen and learned. The first impressions that she thought worthy of record were received when she viewed the extensive exhibits of precious metals and stones, in the Mines building. Such notes are characteristic of the person. She read a few to her friends as follows:

"One gold nugget marked down to $37,000. One

gem value inestimable. Priceless treasures greater than Solomon's in frail glass case in easy reach of the crowds. Proves that the world is honest."

"Ethelbert asked our waiter how he could know the important people when they were so mixed up with one another from all nations. 'Dat's easy,' he said. 'Dey all wears white aprons.'

"An Asiatic prince all togged up was looking at some furs and some of us girls crowded around. His back was to us and we couldn't see good. One pert girl, she said, 'Please, sir, can't we look at you?' She thought he couldn't understand. The girls all giggled. He turned round and said, 'Most certainly, young ladies. You look at me and I will look at you!' We all ran.

"Saw an old man come in to the exhibit of phonographs. A big machine with a tube like a fog-horn was singing Annie Laurie. He leaned his head against a post and closed his eyes. When it was done he waked as from a dream and said to the guard, 'That was a good singer. I wish you would thank her for an old man. The words are dear to me. They made me think way back. I had a sweetheart once who sang that song to me. She was my helpmate many a year but she's been gone to the other shore many a year. Seems like the sound was from heaven. Just thank her for an old man!' Then he went away.

"Saw a man get into a rage and he made a speech. He was standing by a sign which said:

'Look at this Sign
Before Asking Questions.
This is
Petrified Wood
from
Arizona.'

"A high-toned preacher-looking fellow came up while I was looking at it and said to the attendant, 'What's the idea of the first two lines?' The man got crazy. 'By the Lord Harry,' he said, 'am I doomed. Won't anything shut them off? Have I only changed the form of the never-ending questions? One idiot comes in here and says right before the sign, 'Is this putrified wood?' 'No,' I says, 'it is petrified wood.' The next one says, 'Is this ossified wood?' and I set him right. Another says, 'Is this peterfied wood?' and I fix him. Then, 'Is this oxidized wood?' and I speak. Then, 'Is this galvanized wood?' and I am driven to drink. 'Is this marbleized wood?' 'Is this granulated wood?' and so on time without end. To keep from going to Bedlam, I put up that sign, and now I suppose the stream of idiots will come back on me to know what the sign is for. If I ever get back to my happy home I'll never leave it.' Then he went to his desk and sat down with his back to us. I wanted awfully to ask him why he got mad.

"Gondolier got me and Helena to take a ride in his boat by a mean trick. Pay twenty-five cents and

He Made a Speech.

he would take us to a place where we could see the statues dance. It was by the cascade where the boat rippled and made the statues look like

they moved, but it was the boat that danced. Took another ride with August and Nora. The boat began to rock. 'O, it will sink,' cried Nora. 'What's the difference?' said August. 'It is not our boat.'

"Nice boy on viaduct offered us guide book for sale. Said last on sale. Bought one. Saw lots for sale since. Nice boy on viaduct a liar.

"I got a look into the room where the reporters make up things for the newspapers. Worse than a hog pen or a smoking car. On the door they posted a long sheet written in heavy ink:

'PEN-PUSHERS' CLUB.
RULES OF ORDER FOR VISITORS.

'Look over the tables and take away as souvenirs any written sheets you find. This is a free country. Deposit cigar stubs on the desk where they can be seen. The boys sometimes need a smoke. Don't ask for a pipeful as all we have has long since been given away. We cater to the public. Talk freely to us as we write. It influences our ideas. Wipe your feet on the couch. That is what it is here for. Don't hit the spittoon. It is a sensitive thing. Tell us about the weather. The management does not furnish us with bulletins. We know everything of interest to you on these grounds. If we do not respond, encourage us because we are bashful in the presence of strangers. Loafers are welcome to everything. This is the home of the brotherhood.

We have passes to everything, but they are all loaned to our friends.'

"On another sheet of paper they had a list of things under the title

'Exhibits Offered by the Yaps.

'A hen that walks backwards. Boy who whistles without opening his mouth. Boy who can flap his ears like a mule. A stuffed calf that was knocked off the railroad track so hard as to kill its mother. Knee buckles worn by Daniel Boone upon his wedding day. Chicken with teeth. Goose without wings or feet. Kitchen clock once owned by a cousin of John Quincy Adams. Quill pen found in a bible two hundred years old. Snake choked to death on a toad. Cooking vessel used by Napoleon Bonaparte's mother. Squash that lasted three years without drying or having rotten specks. Stone that Captain John Smith died on, showing dent made by his head.'

"N. B.—Guess I'm tired copying. Too many of them.

"Another slip had this:

'No, you need not tell us where you are from. Simply be natural. Merely say, if you are from

'Philadelphia, "How is your health?"

'New York, "Good morning."

'Atlanta, "Good evening."

'Boston, "Good day."

'Pittsburg, "Gu morning."

'Chicago, "How are you?"

'Denver, "Howdy?"

'Sioux Falls, "Who's your wife to-day?"

'Cincinnati, "Great Scott, you again?"

'Louisville, "Have one with me."

'St. Paul, "Well, I want to know."

'Duluth, boys should say to each other, "Hello, old man;" the men, "Hello, old boy."'

"To-day Helena and I got on to the parade ground. Guard with a gun came at us. As he was about to shoot we turned to run. Lifted his cap and smiled so sweetly we stopped. He said we were trespassing where pedestrians were not allowed. I said we were hoosiers. He laughed and showed beautiful teeth. He told us how he came to be a soldier. Awful nice boy. I'm not afraid of him.

"August picked up an apple from the floor in the California exhibit in the Horticultural building and took a bite. Just then I read a sign. It said:

'These Apples Are Poisoned to Preserve Them.'

"August looked as if he was about to die until a guard told us there was not enough in one bite to hurt him.

"Squint got excited to-day. He came to tell us he had found a building where they had the north

pole on exhibition. It was just some scenes on the way to the north pole. Boys get excited about small things.

"Very nice Frenchman sometimes sits next to me at table. We talk little and I understand him much less. He said, 'O, I lairn ze Engleesh vair well. See, I have ze fine good conversation book. Thees lexion I now load ze memory. It lairn me zee speek.'

"He let me have 'ze fine good conversation book' and I copied some of it.

'How fortunate the fine summer.

'It is very hot. The sun scorches.

'Beware, it will rain.

'I perceive a river.

'Alas! there is no bridge.

'No! the bridge is hid behind the road.

'Perhaps the road has robbers. Have you loaded guns?

'It is day. There is no fear.

'Waiter, we order two beds not folding.

'Now, indeed, we sail.

'The ship has wheels in her side.

'The men row well.

'There is no danger.

'But the sky is very dark for the storm.

'It thunders like bombardment.

'It lightens like flash light.

'My head is bad. Let me see your tongue. Have you pain in the heart? No, it is in the epigastrics.

'I incline to be sick. It is the not digested American cooking.

'The room is alive with bugs.

'Ah! our friend approaches.

'Desire the boy to order the cook for a meal.

'I do not like hash.

'The vegetation display makes water in the mouth.

'Give us a rest on prunes.

'Keep the change. The boy likes the tips.

'This picture is much flattered. See the town for admiration.

'I will go sometime home.

'I speak the English swiftly from this book.'

"The Frenchman asked me why I do not understand him. Said I don't know."

"Nora was powerfully astonished to-day. At one of the fountains she saw the statues of mermaids. 'Howly mither,' she said; 'd'ye see the women with tails fer laigs? Be they sich things raley in the waters of the say?' 'To be sure,' said Ethelbert. 'They got that way from eating pork on Friday and fish on Sunday. You want to watch out.' Nora crossed herself and mumbled something.

"Helena uses words that are sometimes too tall

for her. We had bacon for breakfast and after being served she said to me, 'Will you do me a flavor? Please change these pieces. They are too shrivelled. I like them a little more languid.'

"Nora and I unexpectedly met Mike Dugan this morning. 'My goodness,' said she; 'I'm moity glad to see yez, Moike. Glad to see even a dog from home.' Mike looked puzzled. 'Sure, I'll bark if ye want me, but it's woonderful how fat ye're got since I last saw ye.' 'An' I was just thinking,' she said, 'how leetle ye look in this big fair.; sure, I think ye have shrunk.' Just then a fife and a bagpipe began to play in the Irish section and Mike said, 'Ickskuse me, ladies. I will see ye later. I've got an appintment to the dance.'

"I wore my watch and carried my guide and catalogue book to-day. I won't do so any more and I've swore off on asking questions. Some folks don't seem to do anything else. The women are terrors. I run now when I see one coming. I wrote down a few for samples.

"One asked, 'Where's South Dakota?'

"Another, 'Where's the sacred white ox?'

'What's the anthropological building?

'Have you seen my boy John. He's twelve years old and wears a straw hat.'

'I want to see the orchard flowers.'

'Orchids do have that sound.'

'Where can I get a cup of coffee?'

"Every fifteen minutes, 'What's the time?'

'Where's Grant's birthplace? I heard he had his log cabin here.'

"Glad to See Even a Dog From Home."

'Is this Jerusalem or the Philippines?'

"Now I know how to sympathize with the guard. I heard a woman say to one, 'Can you tell me how to get over there?' 'Yes'm,' he said. She waited and then got mad. 'Well, if you know, then how?'

'You can walk over the bridge above or the one below, or you can swim, which ever you like best.'

"I have been studying the etiquette of some of the strange people. There is a tribe from Alaska who think it is the host that should decide when the visitor should go. He waits till he has had enough, then he waves his hand toward the door and says, 'Go 'way.' I watched them quite a while and they quite impartially give each one the same amount of time.

"The Javanese sink on their knees before the visitor, fold their hands in front of them as in prayer, then raise their still folded hands to their foreheads and say, in a soft, low voice, 'I am honored.'

"Turks bow very low and remain silent till the visitor has spoken.

"The Syrian visitor keeps his face turned away from the host until spoken to.

"The Egyptian meeting a friend puts his left arm under his friend's right arm and, reaching over pounds him on the back, according to the energy of their friendship.

"The Algerian never bows. They do not move their arms when they shake hands. They never change countenance when they laugh. If they are very much pleased at meeting a friend they yell. They are an odd set.

"When South Sea Islanders meet they express

their pleasure by slapping each other's faces. I have met some people when I wished this was the American custom for about a minute."

Matilda had other notes that were her heart secrets and they were not disclosed.

"Have you been taking notes, too?" said Uncle Jeremiah, as he noticed Ethelbert looking over a gilt-edged pocket memorandum book.

"Yes," he replied, "for there are some queer things here that neither I nor any one else could ever remember."

"For instance," he continued, "look at this song of the Italian candy man."

" 'Alla gooda bum-bum,
Vera nica canda,
Beautifula bum-bum,
Vera gooda canda,
Fiva cents bum-bum,
Buy da gooda canda.'

"Then who would want to forget the eloquence of the man who shows off the ostriches. 'This way for the wild wonders of the feather tribe. Not dead, but alive, in all their angular gorgeousness and beauty. You have seen its fluffy plumage vibrating about the head of lovely womanhood, but how much more becoming to see this costly plumage curled about the tail of its creator. Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed with such unapproachable

taste. Step up and behold the biped monarch of the African wilderness.'

"The next that I got was from the exhibitor of the Esquimaux: 'Behold the citizens of the frozen zone; the wonderful inhabitants of the land of the

"Step Up and Behold!"

midnight sun. They are genuine. They are real and alive. They are not coons from the colored zone, made up to play upon your credulity, but moving, breathing blubber eaters from the glaciers, icebergs and eternal snow. They are not wax works, nor stuffed, nor ossified freaks of an ancient age, but

contemporaneous flesh and blood in the present brotherhood of man. They have brought their dogs, sleds and wives for you to gaze upon with envy, if not regret, that you have not been so blessed.'

"Another was like this. Some of the words I could not bring down with a kite: 'Walk up the gates of Creation; look upon unspeakable wonder, lassoed in the loco deserts of chaos by the wandering cowboys of science. Miss not this onspeakable opportunity to bless your future memory. Go search through all the recesses of God's footstool and then come back satisfied that nothing under all the wide canopy of heaven can be found so fascinating and strange as the green-eyed mystery of unfathomable space. This is no dime museum, but the crowning feature of the great exposition all for the paltry pittance of half a dollar."

"Another one said, 'Why is this the most magnificent exhibit ever brought forth for the eyes of man? I say because it is not painted but came direct from the original workshop of nature.'

"A Chinese talker had this to say: 'Why you not go see? Is evelybody lost all money? All got bloke? What you want? Want me give you dlollar? Yes. Come, I give dlollar. You no take dlollar? Then give me halif dlollar. This Chinese show. Glatest show on earth. All for two dime, one nick.'

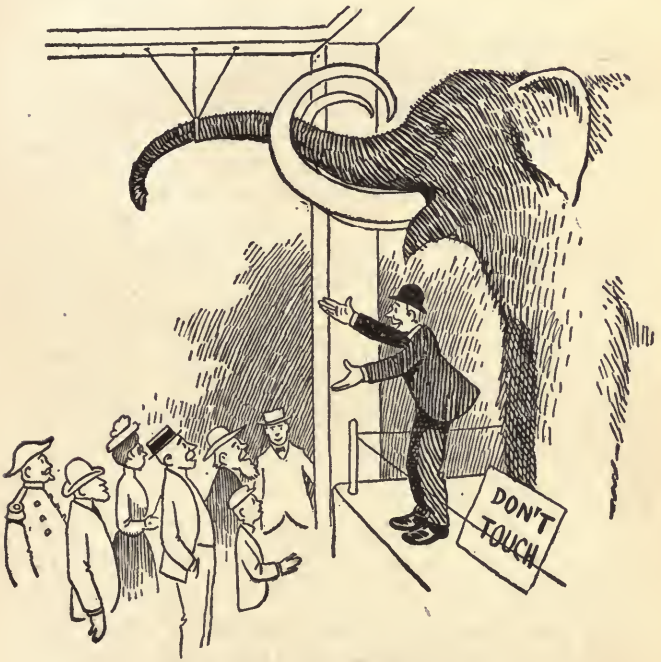
"A fellow who I suppose had been drinking too

much gave the crowd a lecture on the mammoth. He came out of the crowd and got on the platform between the animal's tusks. 'This,' he said, 'is the mastodon. It is one of the profoundest known works of ancient man. From the confession tied on

"All Got Bloke?"

his ankle you can read that he comes to visit us from the inhospitable regions far away under the northern star, from the lower banks of the Lena river, named for a sweet German maiden whose sweetheart wandered away from her coldness to the warmer regions of the Arctic zone. There he found this strange stream that had been turned

from the time-honored course of rivers in the day of chaos and made to run north. This great animal jumped a claim in an iceberg in the early dawn of



A Lecture on the Mammoth.

time and held it until he was discovered and brought forth to be the wonder of civilization. He is a noble proof that everything comes to him who waits.'

"Before a Chinese Joss house there was a white man togged in a Chinese outfit, who drummed on a box and said:

'Come, come, come, come,
Just beginning, just begun,
Never ending, never done,
Just beginning, just begun,
Never ending, never done,
Come, come, come, come,
Pay your money and see the fun.'

"I went inside and there was a Chinaman dressed like a dude American, who was giving a lecture and answering questions. 'I thought the divil got you fellows as cut your hair,' said one of the crowd. 'Say Chinaman cut hair, go hell. No. Chinaman gooda heart, he go to gooda place, blada heart, he go blada place, alle samee hair, or no hair.'

"Another one I got just outside the grounds, where an auctioneer was selling some horses. When August and I came up a heavy-faced Jew had driven a newly-painted but badly wrecked express wagon and a bony horse up to the auctioneer's stand.

" 'Shentlemens,' said he, 'feefty-fife tollar for deese rig. Horse ish a thoroughbred, a swift traveler and goot vorker.'

" 'Shut up,' said the auctioneer, 'I'm doing the talking here.'

" 'Now, gents' what do I hear for this noble

thoroughbred, who has won many races when his name was famous and his heels meant the exchange of untold fortunes all over the world. Examine him, gentlemen, and convince yourselves that he is worth double the money asked. Do I hear five? Ah, there ten. Yes, my beauty, fifteen. Who says twenty-five.'

"August went up and touched its tail. Then he gave it a yank and off it came.

" 'Ach gott und holy Moses,' cried the excited owner. 'Vot you ruin my horse und despair my families?'

" 'Gone at fifteen dollars,' said the auctioneer. 'There you've got him,' he said to the man who bid fifteen dollars. 'Take him; he's your property.'

" 'Not widout a tail,' said the buyer.

" 'Here, take him you ten-dollar man. Pay your cash right here and ride off with your property.'

"Over at the physical culture building I heard a college man whose head was rather topsy turvy chanting over and over as if it were the song about a hole in the bottom of the sea.

" 'I'm a biffer,
Not a bluffer,
And I differ
From the duffer
Who is always fighting fellows with his gab,

For I biffs 'em
And I buffs 'em,
I diffs 'em
And I cuffs 'em
And I knock 'em out of kelter with my jab.'"

CHAPTER XVI.

RARE BITS WELL DONE.

The great fair was having a soothing influence on the typical differences between Nora and August. They were becoming harmonious friends despite the opportunities for Nora's tongue, but August was becoming as impervious to her words as a duck's back is to water. Nora usually followed Uncle Jeremiah and August followed Nora.

They were passing out of the Machinery building when Nora noticed that their generous and helpful chaperone looked fagged out.

"Uncle Jeremiah is tired," said Nora. "I can see that he is. Let's go over to the Transportation building, where they can transport him around. It will be so much asier for the ould body."

A young man came along just then pushing a rolling chair.

"Hey, young man," he inquired, "can I rent your chair for an hour?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you push the thing, August?" asked Uncle Jeremiah.

"Sure he can," interposed Nora. "He will be delighted, that he will."

August nodded his head but did not appear to do so with any extraordinary delight.

At the end of an hour the chair was returned to the stand.

"How did you enjoy wheeling Uncle Jeremiah around in the chair?" inquired Matilda.

"Ya wohl," he answered, mopping the sweat from his forehead. "It was very mooch like plowing corn and be my own mule. Yet, that vas not so pad as a man offer there by the machines. He want me to see how mooch I can pull on the weighing scales and I moost pay fife cents to do the verk myself. Such fools! I do not verk and pay some one to see me verk."

Uncle Jeremiah was much interested in studying the characteristics of the Esquimaux, and he took his proteges in to see them.

One of the queer fat little men showed him their home newspaper. It was issued once a year, and, strange to say, in the English language. The price was one dollar a year. Among the items of curiosity to him were the following:

LOCALS.

Few whales.
Big walrus catch.
Ice poor for white bears.

SPECIALS.

Our mission dog-team averages sixty miles a day.

Black-mud nas married Sea-green, daughter of Moos-Moss.

Nack-mit-moon died lately and his younger brother took the lost place in his family.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Blubber, whale or walrus oil to exchange for berries.

Un-ut-koot is the always-ready and forever Mung-nok, holy mud doctor and wind charmer.

Ab-ad-rick now has a son named Ming-foot and will hereafter be known only by his son's name.

FASHION NOTES.

Bed-ticking is now popular to wear over fur suits.

Uncle Jeremiah was likewise greatly interested in the Ainu or hairy aborigines brought from the Isle of Yezzo, Japan. Their strange nature gave him much to think about, for they had many characteristics more peculiar even than the Patagonian giants who live on the rocky islands of Terra del Fuego at the extreme southern end of South America, and more odd than even the famed pygmies of Central Africa.

Among these peculiarities he preserved, for future reference, special notes of the following:

"They have never had any political laws.

"They never laugh aloud.

"Suicide has never been known among them.

"Scientists cannot satisfactorily classify them nor account for their origin.

"They never wash, nor comb their hair.

"Though barbarians they are gentle and only the women get angry.

"Long black hair covers their arms, legs and backs.

"They have god-sticks which they worship.

"The bones in their arms and legs are flat, like the ancient cave men of Europe.

"The women are not allowed to pray, as it is not believed that they have souls.

"They abandon and usually burn the house in which anyone dies.

"They are the only non-fighting savages ever known.

"They shake their shoulders for yes or no; never their heads.

"Ainu children have very large stomachs, often so large that they are held up by straps.

"Their penalty for murder is to cut the tendons in the arms and legs of the murderer and shun him as long as he lives.

"They greet no one with words, but the women stroke their hair and the men their beards.

"Mustaches are tattooed upon the lips of girls in their childhood.

"They bury their dead secretly in carefully concealed places.

"They have no customs, characteristics or habits of the Japanese, who have never associated with them."

Passing pavilions and exhibits, no matter how well classified and grouped, has its swift varieties, like reading a dictionary, but there are certain dainty or luscious tidbits over which one may linger.

In an exhibit of old books, Matilda found some very old titles. Among these, she noted a few that were written in Cromwell's time.

"A pair of Bellows to blow off the Dust that the Devil has cast on John Fry."

"The Spiritual Mustard Pot to make the Souls of the Righteous Sneeze with Devotion."

"The Gum of Patience to Stick Fair Souls into Heavenly Harmony."

"High Heels to Elevate the Squatted Dwarfs of Holiness."

"Hooks and Eyes to Hold Fast the Blessed Garments of Believers."

"Eggs of Charity Layed by Chickens of the Covenant and Boiled in the Holy Water of Divine Love. Take Ye and Eat Your Fill."

"Drug Shop of the Soul's Apothecary for the

Doctoring of Spirits Sick in the Dark Iniquities of Sin."

In a volume printed in 1511 by Wynkyn de Worde were a number of queer queries that were odd enough to be noted in the curiosity hunter's diary.

Who was Adam's mother? The earth.

How many calves' tails would it take to reach from the earth to the sky? One, if it were long enough.

What is it that never was and never will be? A mouse's nest in a cat's ear.

How may a man discover a cow in a flock of sheep? By eyesight, if one is there.

What is it that can not be frozen? Boiling water.

Which was first, the hen or the egg? The mother of both.

How many straws go to make a goose's nest? None. For, having neither feet nor wings they can not go.

Who killed a fourth of all the people in the world? Cain.

Who is the oldest lunatic? Time out of mind.

How can you make a slow horse fast? Tie him to a post.

What is that which increases according as you take away from it? A hole.

Among the quaint books was one known as the

Parrot Book translated from the Persian. There was in it a chapter on the Perfect Woman, from which Matilda copied its "Seven Ought-Nots" and "Nine Should-Bes," as follows:

THE SEVEN OUGHT-NOTS.

Not always merry nor sad.
Not always musing nor talking.
Not always unadorned nor dressy.
Never be guilty of the folly of vanity.

THE NINE SHOULD-BES.

Always cheerful without levity.
Always thoughtful without dreaming.
Always persuasive without insistence.
Always attentive without fastidiousness.
Always modest without prudery.
Always loyal without slavery.
Always artistic without artifice.
Always goodness without ostentation.
Always be sure of unassuming sincerity.

Uncle Jeremiah required his world's fair family to gather each evening in his room for a mutual recounting of things seen and learned during the day. As a result, he was able to direct their attention in a discriminating way to useful things and impress upon their memories by repetition and his comment the educative features of the vast show.

From a pavilion in the Palace of Education on Sanitary and Hygienic Science, Ethelbert brought

a gem which was labeled Franklin's code. Like all of Franklin's economic ideas, it was a fine practical chart of life.

Temperance—Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.

Silence—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality—Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness—Suffer no uncleanliness in body, clothes or habitation.

Tranquility—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents, common or unavoidable.

"One of the most interesting things I have found," said Ethelbert, "in the course of my ethnological and sociological studies, are the penal in-

flictions of the Koreans. For treason, the man is beheaded with all his male relatives to the fifth degree. His mother, wife and daughter are either poisoned or sold into slavery. If a woman commits treason, she is poisoned and that is all of it. For murder, the man is beheaded, and his wife is poisoned. If the murder is committed by a woman she is poisoned and there the punishment ends. For theft, the man may have his choice of being strangled or decapitated. In small offences, he may be banished. His wife in either case is sold into slavery and his property is confiscated. For the desecration of graves, the punishment may be as severe as that for treason.

"When in mourning at the death of a friend, they wear a flopping hat four feet in circumference. They also have a screen of lawn before their face so that their state of feelings can not be seen in their countenance."

"Human nature," said Uncle Jeremiah, "develops according to the same laws the world over. Some original and inventive savage starts a fad. It grows into a custom and then into a tribal habit. Some civilized exquisite or prince starts a fad and it grows and extends in the direction taken till it becomes an abominable freak, as for instance, hoops and mutton-leg sleeves. Social customs and speculative ideas go the same way, as we can see through

all history and all around us, unless we have an anchor in the immediate surrounding realities of life.

"I verily believe," he added as a conclusion, "that savages, according to their intellectual light, have far fewer freaks and follies to their account than the boasted members of civilization. It must be admitted, however, that barbarians present many stunning customs and habits."

Ethelbert had many philosophical doubts about the Patagonians until he first saw them, or perhaps first smelt them, for they are reckoned not alone the healthiest race in the world but the filthiest. He noted specially that Magellan, in 1520, was the first white visitor. They worship the sun and moon. Their most coveted jewel is a blue bead. Their old women become so shrivelled and ugly that they are regarded as the dwelling place of demons. They never eat fish nor allow their dogs to eat meat. The women are nearer the size and strength of the men than any race known. They were the only tribes in South America that were never conquered. They are the most expert bolo throwers in the world and they use no other weapon in hunting.

He was so interested in the Anthropological exhibit that he insisted on taking his companions there for their special enlightenment and edification.

But the result was so discouraging that he made the experiment but once.

He led the way into an ethnological exhibit and learnedly discussed the relics before his feminine protegés.

"Here," said he, "is the skull of Osceola, who uttered that famous poetical composition known as "The Seminole's Defiance," wherein he defies the paleface, and historically says,

> " 'I ne'er will ask for quarter
> And I ne'er will be your slave,
> But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
> Till I sink beneath the wave.' "

"Really, did he do it, Ethelbert? That's the main pint, did he do it?" inquired Nora, with wholly unbecoming incredulity.

"Did he do what?" asked Ethelbert, in perplexity.

"Did he nivver ask for the quarter and was he at last drowned in a say of bluid?"

"Go on and read the history of it yourself," said Ethelbert. "It makes me crazy to talk to you."

"Ah! I thought so," continued Nora. "You be only a foolin' ave us. Its not the skull of the Indian after all."

"It really does look too small," added Matilda, to his further discomfort.

Ethelbert looked so pained that Nora became compassionate and tried to assist him.

"It may be he is right, Matilda," she interposed. "The by has much more schooling than us and he

"The Skull of Osceola."

may know dead-and-gone men's skulls at sight, and besides, who knows? This may have been the big Indian's skull whin he was a little by."

Squint also had his anthropological conceptions

badly wrenched. He was quite excited as he came up to his first view of the noble red-man whose heroic virtues and terrific struggle against the conquering white man were so vividly exalted in his youthful imagination. His observation of the first group that came into view was wholly discouraging to all preconceived notions. Those who "slowly and sadly climbed the distant mountains and read their doom in the setting sun," were before him pigeon-toed, dirty and squalid, lounging in native laziness around their tepees, on the western borders of the grounds, as if placed there in order to be typical of their western positions in the United States. Their hair was bound up in red-flannel like horses' tails when such animals are shipped long distances by freight. They sported turkey wing fans, elk-tooth necklaces, dirty calico shirts, checkered vests and government blankets.

"Huh!" exclaimed Squint, as his ideals fell with a thump, "I like niggers better."

A group of specially bedecked braves, including two squaws, came out as though going on a social call, and the Stumpburgians, along with numerous others, decided to follow them, as their path led back toward civilization. It was Chief Tall Crane of the Sioux, leading a party to call upon the Igorrotes. They were admitted to the camp and they walked around, looking keenly at the naked

savages. The combined clothes of the savage Igorrotes, if sewed together, would not have made a piece of cloth large enough to flag a freight train.

"Naked!" said old Tall Crane, with a wry face.

"Look at the clothes!" one of the Igorrotes said to another.

The Sioux wandered around the camp of the Igorrotes for half an hour, but apparently did not enjoy themselves. An interpreter said that they were disgusted with the nakedness of the Igorrotes and declared that they were savages and were not American citizens. Chief Tall Crane looked the nude people over critically and shook his head.

"Not good people," he grunted.

While the Sioux wandered about the camp they kept their clothes even tighter around them, bringing up the ends of their blankets so that scarcely their ankles showed. They were much interested when told that the Government had made the Igorrote women wear coats, even if the coats were not buttoned up, for by the coats the women were distinguished from the men.

Very few Igorrotes wore more than a breech clout, and men and women were dressed the same, except that the women wore a coat or a coarse blouse.

"How do you like them?" was asked of Tall Crane.

"Ugh!" he replied, and snook his head.

The Igorrotes seemed much interested in the Indians, particularly in the gorgeous blankets and headdresses and feathers, and the painted faces, for the Indians were in full dress.

Several Negritos were washing some clothes with

"Uh! Heap Naked!"

their feet in the creek and the Indians stopped to watch them, evidently interested. The Negritos simply kicked their clothes around in the water with their feet and then wrung them out, spreading them on the bank to dry. Then they waded in themselves. They did not use their hands to bathe their bodies.

"That's the way dogs wash," said one of the Indians, according to the interpreter.

The Sioux were also interested in seeing a man clip the wings of the chickens so that they could not fly. The scheme was explained to them, but their faces showed nothing of what they thought of the scheme. When an Igorrote tried to get up a fight between two roosters, however, the Indians grinned as if it were something they understood and liked.

A little later the Stumpburgians were passing the life-saving lake, where an exhibition of life-saving appliances was taking place.

"Look at the life-savers," exclaimed Helena. "Look at them shooting that clothes line out to the swimmer, around that drowning boat. What are they doing that for?"

"Don't you see?" replied Nora. "They want to save the gintlemen's clothes first, and the boat afterwards."

Quite a gale was blowing and there was frequent chasing of hats that became quite ludicrous. A dignified old gentleman made a wild leap for his hat but succeeded only in striking it a blow that made it go up like a foul ball. With the true instinct of a catcher, Squint ran out and caught it on the fly.

"Here's yer straw pile, mister," he said, tendering the unharmed hat to its owner.

"Thank you, my boy," he replied. "That was a good catch. I ought to have a string tied to it."

"No, sir," promptly answered Squint. "You ain't got the right kind of head. You orter have a head that you can push fur enough up into it to hold it on like mine."

"Much obleeged to you, my boy," returned the man. "If I can find a place where they remodel heads at a reasonable price, I'll have mine fixed over."

"Is that the nearest way to the Moro village?" Uncle Jeremiah inquired of a guard, pointing to the way by Arrow Head Lake.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "if you take the right road."

Nora looked puzled.

"Anyhow," she inquired, "are we half way there?"

"That depends whether you start from here or Chicago," he replied.

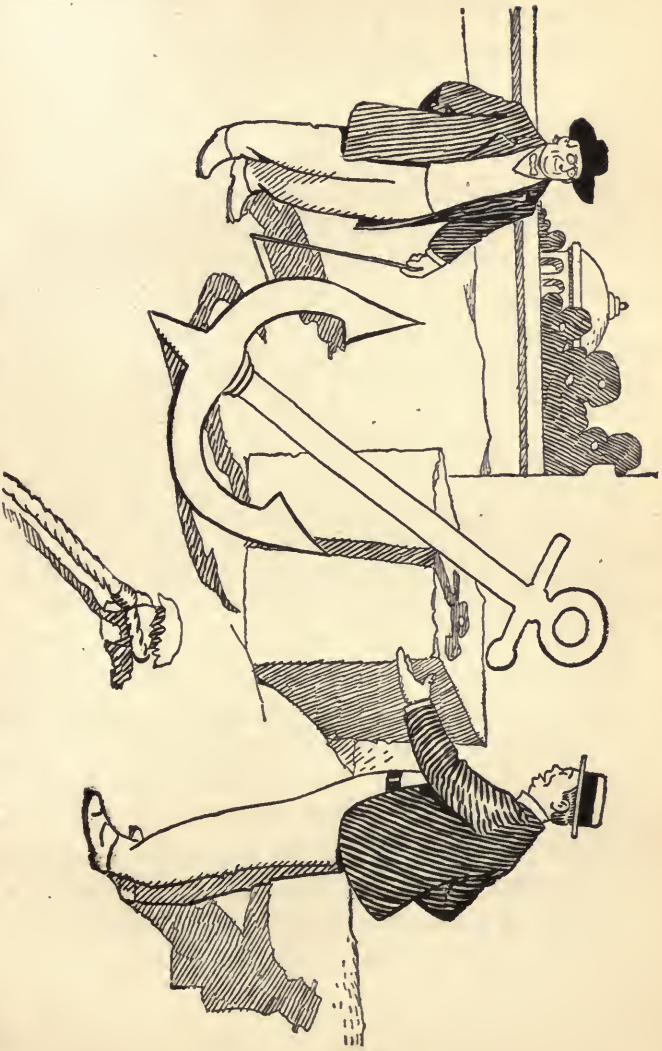
"Well, who'd a thought it," she mused. "Sure this show do make people awful smart. I'm glad I comed."

"Come on, August," called Uncle Jeremiah, as they saw him standing spell-bound before an anchor on the shore near one of the life-saving boats.

"Go on," he called back. "I'm going to wait

here till the man comes along as uses this pick. I never saw a giant."

A guard near by enlightened him and he came on much disgusted with the general unfitness of things.



"I'm Going to Wait for the Man as Uses This Pick"

CHAPTER XVII.

ASTONISHING EVENTS MADE TO ORDER.

Great fairs are worth their cost, not for any special values they confer but upon the general awakening, broadening view, and general comprehension given to all who thus travel the industrial and art world over through their scenes and instruction. Perhaps no two ever receive even similar influences, impressions and impulses or carry away the same benefits. Older persons are especially contemplative over these thoughts.

Uncle Jeremiah earnestly, meditated upon these ideas, as he sat that evening upon a bench by the Louisiana monument, when his light-hearted and animated companions left him alone to seek the excitements that had no charm for him.

The newspapers of that morning contained headlines made from wireless telegrams sent from inaccessible places in the Japanese-Russian war to the stations of the transpacific cables.

That day he had seen air-ships, that were no longer toys, but too much feared yet to be of any considerable practical service.

In the afternoon he had seen an exhibition of radium, a small bit of most precious metal from

pitchblende, which gave off an endless bombardment of force without any known loss in power or weight. He heard the lecturer speak of N-rays emanating from the human body, which were recently discovered but as yet wholly unkown.

In the Liberal Arts building was a miniature fountain with indescribable colors playing through the streams of water, caused by the weird effects of the mercury incandescent vapor light, devoid of red in the spectrum rays, penetrating the sparkling sprays. It was near the beauty of the northern lights reproduced by man.

The five acre map of the United States in which every locality had its special growing vegetation, represented the fair as a mammoth educational institution, and yet only a hundred years before, President Jefferson bought Louisiana from Napoleon. But every ten years made the previous ten years old from the wonders of new inventions. There seemed to be no use to enumerate or to try to keep pace with progress. Behold, every new thing was so soon old.

In the midst of his reverie, the great search light suddenly flared against the sky. Then it plunged a telescopic funnel of fierce brilliancy through gloomy places along the earth startling into sudden vision the multitudinous objects in its course, then as

suddenly leaving them swallowed up in the blackened night.

Thus we have progressed so far, and life has been so infinitely improved. Science has brought forth realizations beyond all the dreams of the past and yet to the past we owe all the vast opportunities now open before the people of the world.

The complacency and self-sufficiency of the present great boasts of progress have little substance when we remember how much we owe to the essential required beginnings. But what a lot there is yet to learn, what inconceivable things we are incapable of doing which future generations will do as our superiors, as we are the superiors in means to the darkest past.

So with individuals. Older persons might muse while the younger ones were sentimental or frivolous. These light-thoughted youngsters were storing substance for future use. It was so with the young people he was striving to guide and guard. He was glad to have them delighted in their own immediate interests. The day brought forth many individual characteristics that furnished material for his reflections.

Matilda found many things to enlist her sympathy and sentiment, typical of girlhood, even though it was often grievously misplaced. The story of Grace Darling and her heroic labor with

her father in saving the lives of shipwrecked sailors was especially inwrought upon her mind. She was told that the very boat which had been used in these heroic deeds, and which her parents had really seen eleven years before in the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, was also now in the transportation building at the Fair. She inquired for it and some one pointed it out. She looked over it with inspired imagination and was weeping copiously when Ethelbert came up and wanted to know if she was sick.

She indignantly informed him that this was the heroic Grace Darling's boat. He incredulously walked around it and read the statement, "Oyster boat used in Chesapeake Bay."

"Crying over an oyster boat," he assured her. "You'd better save your weeps for something that needs them."

"She looked at the sign on the boat, hastily dried her tears and busied herself with something else.

About the same time Nora saw a statement that made her very indignant at the deception of the sensation makers of the exposition.

"Look at that boat," said she, "look at the loi pinned on its bosom. The innocent thing to have to show such hepocrasy to the papel."

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah.

"Mather! What's the mather with it? Look

wance what it says. It says, 'this boat is six thousand years old.' "

"How do you know it's a lie?" he asked.

"Loi! Why ave coorse it's a loi. How can it be six thousand year old whin it's now only the year nointane hundred an' foor."

Uncle Jeremiah had learned even when Nora was a little girl that argument with her was like a poodle playing with a ball of yarn. The more there was of it, the worse tangled up every one became and it was always best to let her come to her own conclusions without help.

During the morning, Uncle Jeremiah had taken his neighbors to the animal show in the Pike, and once inside they began to absorb everything visible.

"Here, don't bother that ape while he eats," yelled an attendant as Nora threw some popcorn before that solemn looking animal which was chained to the cage just inside the ropes. "He dont' like it and is liable to bite."

"Indade," she replied, "I'd pity the poor crayture if he isn't liable to bite when he ates his meals. It's a big gullet he would have to have, he would if he didn't."

Helena was studying the back of a camel.

"What's he got that hump on him for?"

"You ought to know that," said Squint in dis-

gust. "What 'ud folks pay to see him for if he didn't?"

Matilda was gazing thoughtfully upon some mummies, from which the wrappings were partly unloosed.

"Poor things! poor things," she sighed, "how merciful is Providence that these poor people did not know they would sometime look like this and be exposed so to the gaze of strangers."

Uncle Jeremiah was looking abstractly into the cage of kangaroos.

"Do you know," said Ethelbert, patronizingly, "these peculiar animals have a pocket in the skin right over their stomachs?"

"What's it for?" inquired Squint, edging in.

"Why you ignoramabus," exclaimed Nora. "Any wan ought to know that it's for the craytures to crawl into and consale thimselves from view when pursood."

"Koom here, Nora," interrupted August. "Koom here kvick, and see the devil fish."

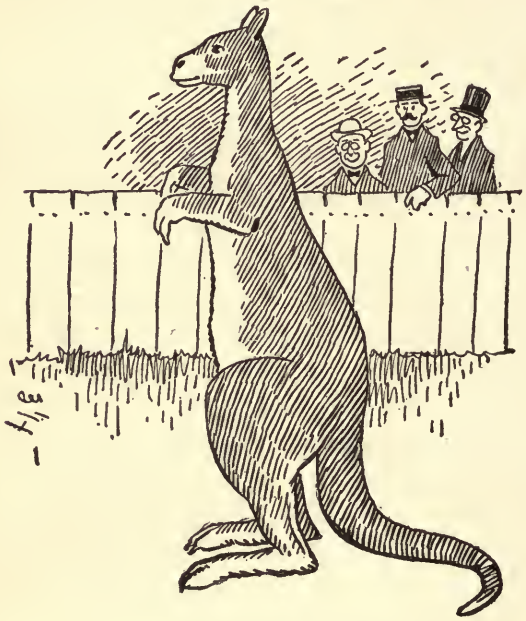
Nora looked wildly around.

"Get away from him," she cried. "It's hard enough to kape you and auld Nick apart down at hoom without you making his acquaintance here."

Ethelbert was more interested in the embalmed body of a shark which he had just discovered.

"You wouldn't be more than half a bite," he said to Squint.

"It's a man-eating shark," replied Squint, "and he'd never see me or you."



Peculiar Animals.

"Is that why he is called a man-eating shark?" inquired Matilda.

"No," answered Ethelbert, quite disgusted, "it's because he has no taste for women."

Helena was meanwhile looking at an elephant whose tusks were sawed off close and whose eyes were closed as if he were taking a nap. His head was lowered, his big ears lay close, and his back was humped up with his feet near together.

"What puzzles you?" inquired Uncle Jeremiah.

"Such a funny elephant," she said. "Here's his tail, but the other end hasn't got any horns or trunk."

Just then the keeper came by and gave the somnolent beast a prod with a pole. He expanded like a jack knife and gave a grunt, followed by a cough that made Squint yell with delight and Helena shriek in sudden consternation.

After satisfying their curiosity among the wonders of the animal kingdom, they returned past the big elephant, where Matilda read the sign, "This is the largest of living ruminating animals."

"What does that mean?" she asked.

"I know," interposed Helena. "It's one that chews its cub."

The so-called heathen are very quick to adopt methods of their superiors, and sometimes with ludicrous or disastrous results, as they learned from an incident on the Pike.

One who had togged himself out in approved American style saw a workman taking grease spots out of cloth with gasoline. Presently he came in

contact with a bit of recently oiled machinery that gave the seat of his trousers a variegated aspect. In his consternation he remembered the virtues of gasoline and forthwith applied a copious quantity to the seat of trouble. Before it had sufficiently evaporated, he saw an Irishman strike a match in the posterior regions and draw forth a flame with which to light his pipe. Having a cigarette and a match, the Irishman's act sugested the new-found use of American trouser legs. He tried it. There was a flame and a sound of howling consternation. He didn't have money enough to buy him a new pair, and, not having cloth to match, he used a piece of blue horseblanket.

"That is the story," said a communicative chair pusher, "that we tell to all who ask if the seat patches on our dog-eating brethren are there because of fashion, custom or style."

Nora had often heard of the wonders of the phonograph and she was very anxious to hear one. Uncle Jeremiah took her into the exhibit in the Liberal Arts building, and got her before the instrument with the tubes in her ears. Her credulity and her doubts were in a fierce struggle before the voice rang forth to announce the song that was to follow. Until this happened to engage her attention, she looked as if she were sure that she was being made the victim of a serious joke. At the sound of the

voice, she grasped the ear-pieces ready for any emergencies. The look of doubt was suddenly transfixed with wonder, which melted into a broad grin. Presently, her head began to wig-wag and her feet to set up an uneasy shuffle.

"What is it doing?" eagerly inquired Squint.

There Was a Flame.

"Hist!" she exclaimed, "don't spake for ye may be after scarin' the burrid, and he's dancin' the 'Wearing of the Green.' "

Uncle Jeremiah quickly got Squint a place at another phonograph and left Nora alone in her ecstasy of reminiscent pleasure.

A terrific tearing sound was heard a few aisles away and Squint hurried away to a place where they

were imitating lightning. Presently he came running back in great excitement to Nora.

"Say, come here," he cried. "I've found a place where you can look at your bones and see how your liver works."

Nora stared at him aghast at this new wonder and pressed her sides as if she had found a pain.

"Go on," she exclaimed. "I don't want to see my inwards. I've seen the insides of hogs. That's close enough."

She turned to go another way where there was no danger of running into such a tell-tale machine, but met August and Ethelbert, both of whom insisted that she should investigate the mysteries of the X-ray.

Ethelbert paid a small fee and placed August before the greenish tinted globe. The greyish shade was placed over Nora's eyes and she uttered a scream. August had taken off his flesh and stood there in his bones.

Ethelbert took the shade from her and placed it over his own eyes. He began to count August's ribs.

"Only twenty-three," he said. "One is missing. Where is it? Where's that bone?"

"You've got it!" he shouted at Nora and she fled, leaving them to their gruesome amusement.

The Stumpburg neighbors in their wanderings

during the day found themselves near one of the big balloons and it was an object of considerable curiosity and interest.

"What haf they got that big rope hanging to it for?" asked August.

"Sure, you stupid, don't you see," replied Nora, "that the ballooners must have something to climb down on if the balloon blows oop?"

Squint had meanwhile been investigating on his own account. Seeing a loop for a foothold dangling from the rope near the ground, he put his foot into it and stretched himself along the taut rope. The attendant gave the crank a turn on the supporting windlass and Squint was suddenly lifted ten feet or more from the ground.

"Hi! there," he yelled, "don't do it some more or I'll cut the string of yer old gas bag an' ye won't see it any more."

August had become hungry and that meant meal-time with him. He led the crowd to a restaurant. As no one at the tables seemed to be getting anything but very light lunches, he inquired when the cook would have dinner ready.

"From three to six," was the reply. "It will be ready in ten minutes."

"Wot a pile they must have to eat!" he exclaimed. "At Stumpburg we eat from twelve till we get done."

They all took seats at the tables expectantly and waited not only ten minutes, but two or three times that period, then the amount of food brought was much less than a three hours' repast. But the visitors had learned patience. Helena was wrestling with a piece of chicken almost as tough as beef gristle."

"Use your fingers," urged Nora. "They were made before forks."

"Mine weren't," she asserted. "'Sides that the chicken's so tough I can't even stick my fork in the gravy." Then she went on as before till she decided that neither tools, fingers, teeth, nor stomach could do the work.

"You poor child," said Nora, compassionately, "leave it for some one with older teeth, and may its cook serve you better some time with this poor fowl's last son that has got fat pecking and scratching 'round his tomb."

"Now, August," she continued, "it's you as must pay for bringing us here to ate where all we could get was in the taste of trying."

August paid and presently they dropped into the place of magic mirrors where it was said that each person could see three hundred reflections of himself in all kinds of distortions big and little.

"Here's the place to behold your vanity," said Uncle Jeremiah.

"Yes, and lose it," asserted Nora, "as quick as an ice-cream brick goes back on itself in the sun. Who wouldn't want to forgit himself whin he is so frail that nature can play such tricks with his shape?"

Half an hour later they were in the Chinese Joss house.

"Do you know," said Ethelbert, in another attempt to enlighten his companions, "the Chinese people are more than six thousand years old?"

"Dear me," replied Nora. "Appearances are rayelly decaven. They don't look to be over thirty or foorty."

"They have many strange customs," continued Ethelbert undaunted. "A man condemned to have his head cut off, can hire another man to take his place."

"Poor fellows," said Nora in a burst of sympathy, "what a hard way to earn a living."

Squint as usual was investigating for himself. He suddenly glided over to Helena and mysteriously whisked her through an alleyway of nightmare idols, to a place where they could see through a door into a little cubby-hole room where there was a Chinese baby sitting on a mat. Matilda, having seen this hasty flight, followed to see what mystery could have excited Squint so much, and she too appeared at the door.

The mother took up the child and hobbled to the door, proud to show it to the children.

"Such a pretty, pretty baby," said Matilda. "Yes! Baby slick in arm. Doctor baptize heem wit small-pox in arm. See! See!"

She held up the arm with a sore spot near the shoulder.

"O, I see," said Matilda. "He is vaccinated."

"Yes! Yes! I see! I see!" she exclaimed. "He not die soon. No! No!"

Matilda also repeated "No, no," several times to reassure her and thanked her for letting them touch the baby's hands.

If any one wanted to see and hear the last extreme of humanity and pessimism, he should listen to Chinese conversation.

From their expressions, one would suppose they were sunk into the last depths of self-debasement and were a nation of pessimists. But it may be doubted whether the professed abasement of ordinary conversation may not really be a covert agrandizement of self in order that he who seems humble may become exalted by those with whom he speaks. "What is your magnificent appellation?" "My contemptible name is Wang." "Where is your glorious palace?" "My dirty little hut is at Shushan." "How many are your lordship's noble offspring?" "My ugly, simpering, idiotic brats are

five." Such a conversation between two Chinese gentlemen does not indicate pride on the part of the one or humility on that of the other, but simply a conventional form of speech to which neither pays more than passing attention.

The Ceylon pavilion, however, is the place where girls are most puzzled to know just what is what. The Singhalese are a source of the most feminine wonder when it comes to garments.

The particular habiliments that most interest the Fair visitors are the skirts and combs of the Singhalese men.

The skirt is an indescribable garment from a masculine standpoint. It is a divided affair of mysterious construction.

The combs are in the shape of a horseshoe and are worn on the top of the head. The points of the horseshoe are in the front, the curved part in the back.

"Wonder if it's real tortoise shell?" said Matilda. The man who wore the comb heard her and replied affirmatively.

"Why do you wear it?" asked the girl near her.

"For the same reason you wear a hat," answered the Singhalese. "Combs are the hats of my country."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SMARTNESS AND ITS TRIBULATIONS.

Ethelbert thought he had all the smartness, and, without any doubt he had most of the vanity of his party, but numerous things happened to cause him, by the time of his return home, to carry his vanity back in as badly damaged a condition as the proverbial can that has accompanied a dog's tail. World's fairs have that virtue of revealing to some persons that there are others in the world. It is a pretty good leveler. Next to the last day had come and Ethelbert had really had no greatly impressive adventure. But he was not to be thus slighted.

Early in the morning after they had passed the turnstiles, he disappeared, and nothing was seen of him for the rest of the day.

"Where on earth have you been?" inquired Matilda, as he came buoyantly in and took his accustomed place with them at the evening dinner table.

"I've had one ge-lorious time," he replied in rather exalted glee. "I've been entertaining a prince. It cost me about three dollars but it was worth it."

"A prince!" exclaimed Uncle Jeremiah, incredulously. "What prince?"

"Uncle Jeremiah," said the boy, enthusiastically,

"he was the finest fellow I ever met. His title is Prince of Podunk, Kingdom of Sahara. His father is Emperor Labaudy, who was born in Paris and was enthroned to insure the predominance of France in Africa. I am invited to visit him at any time in the royal palace of Podunk, where I will be entertained with all the honors of a prince."

"The fool that is sent to roam will ne'er exceed the fool that's kept at home.' " quoted Uncle Jeremiah. "The boy that wears a dunce cap ought to know enough to know that Podunk is the nickname for Stumpburg, and that Sahara is a desert incapable of having a king."

"Hark!" interrupted Squint. "You don't mean it's the gent I saw you feeding ice cream to back of the Festival Hall at noon is it?"

"Yes."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Squint. "I heard him ask another feller to take his place oiling the dynamos while he enjoyed the show with the country Rube that was setting them up."

Ethelbert's appetite left him. His plate of green turtle soup was only half consumed when he asked to be excused, and, in consideration for his feelings, the request was granted.

"Egotism," said Uncle Jeremiah, "is a thousand-legged worm with corns on every toe. Only spread

"Prince of Podunk."

yourself out in a crowd and every corn will be duly tramped on."

Uncle Jeremiah tried to impress this advice upon Ethelbert but it never penetrated deeper nor stayed longer than a shower upon a duck's back. He was all the time getting the worst of it, even in ordinary every-day verbal encounters.

"Here's a nickel, my good friend," he said to a street beggar. "Will you kindly tell me how you came to be this way?"

"I will," said the beggar, "and may you take the warning before it is too late. I was generous like you, and ruined myself giving all I had to the poor."

Ethelbert thought over this all the way to the barber shop, where he was going to have his hair trimmed, but could not quite make out the significance of the warning.

"Want a hair-cut?" asked the barber, as Ethelbert settled himself in the chair.

"Want a hair-cut," he repeated. "Yes, and more than that. I want two, three, four and so on, cut until they are all cut."

"All right, young smarty," replied the barber.

When the job was done, Ethelbert gave him a half dollar. The barber put it into the till and returned no change.

"Don't I get a quarter back?" inquired Ethelbert.

"Your sign says, 'First-class hair-cut for twenty-five cents.' "

"That's true," replied the barber, "but your hair is not first-class, so we charge double."

"I suppose a duel with a barber is what we call playing with edge tools," said Ethelbert, as he ambled toward the door.

"No," returned the barber, "we use only clippers and sheep-shears on boys."

Ethelbert had frequent similar encounters in the fair grounds. Following his experience in the barber shop, he found an opportunity to talk to a buxom young woman from Hawaii, while in the quest of sociological information.

"When did your people first discover Hawaii?" he asked.

"How know?" she questioned, "I know not when me was discovered."

"Anyway, can't you tell me," he asked, "how many people inhabit your country?"

"I tell you better how many shirts my man has."

Ethelbert went away writing in his note-book, "The Hawaian native women are very ignorant."

Smartness is one of the hardest hobbies to ride and it is usually found much better to walk, but the young man who gets into the habit rarely loses an opportunity to ride as long as his vanity lasts.

August was standing in the corner drug store

when Ethelbert came in for some mucilage to seal a letter. Pointing to the open mucilage bottle, he said, "I want something with a stick in it."

"Wy say you that?" asked August, as the clerk promptly gave Ethelbert the bottle of mucilage with the brush in it. The young man explained that the expression meant any soft drink with a bit of whisky in it. August thought it very funny and went back to his group of friends in the hotel.

"Haw! haw!" he laughed. "I want to tell you somedings funny. I want a drink very hard an' I say I want a bottle wid some wood in it. That means whisky. You don't laugh? You see no choke? Well, it was funny wen I heard it. I suppose it now got too old."

August and Nora were becoming very confidential. They went walking along the street together that evening when they came upon a man selling trinkets from a satchel opened out on a portable camp stool. As they approached, he was amusing the crowd by sneezing silver dollars out of his nose.

"That's an easy way to make a living," said Nora, unless it costs too much to put them there."

"Do you rayelly get them from where you pretind to?" she asked the juggler.

"I rayelly do, he answered.

"Let us see you do it again," said August.

The juggler repeated the act.

"Indade," exclaimed Nora, "he rayelly did did it, didn't he?"

"I'll bet you that dollar," said August, holding one up to view.

Repeated the Act.

"I'll take it," replied the juggler reaching for it and missing it by several feet.

"I'll bet you that dollar," repeated August, "that you can't put them dollars into my pocket and ever get them out again."

Then the crowd began to guy and jostle the juggler, till he closed the performance and moved on.

Squint had started off with Nora and August, but three was a crowd and he soon found himself alone. He wandered on down the street enjoying the city scenes as only a country boy could do, when he suddenly came upon a group of Italian boys, one of whom was endeavoring to make a shepherd dog perform some tricks. The dog either did not understand or was not fully trained and the boy was shamefully abusing him. Squint's ire was being rapidly aroused.

"Quit a lickin' the dorg an' he'll do better."

"Go long tenda yo' own business," cried the Italian boy, defiantly, as he gave the dog a series of whacks that made it howl and try hard to escape.

"Quit a lickin' the dorg or you'll have to lick me too," Squint shouted at him, drawing nearer.

Another lick or two was given when the dog broke loose and ran groveling at Squint's feet, as though he recognized a protector. The Italian boy poured out a volley of abuse and tried to seize the dog, but Squint pushed him back so that the boy fell into the gutter and set up a howl of rage. Then there was a furious chatter of Italian and two of the other boys joined in to get the dog away from its protector.

Squint was about to get the worst of it when he stepped back and called out, "Is there an American boy here with sand enough to help me?"

"Hi, yi, there," said a boy, running out from the sidewalk, "whyn't you say so afore? I reckon we can smash the dagos." But they didn't want to be smashed. One of them had got hold of the dog in the melee and they all disappeared before the belligerent champions of canine justice could interfere.

"Wot'd ye butt into the dagos fer?" inquired Squint's American friend.

"One of the fellers was beatin' a fine dorg, an' when I says quit," replied Squint, "he begun to trow at me some mighty high words in mighty low language. Then the dorg run to me fer help an' there was a mix up."

Squint had one of his coat pockets torn out and he thought best to return to the hotel for repairs. Two or three blocks away he heard a yelp behind him and the shepherd dog that he had lately defended, came bounding about him in the joyous glee of assured freedom and friendship. Squint patted him on the head in equally delighted recognition of mutual affinities.

"So you say you want to be my dorg?" he inquired.

The nimble dog gave a yelp and turned a backward somersault. Squint screamed with delight, flung his heels in the air likewise and walked away on his hands to show the dog that he too had ac-

complishments. The dog barked a series of half-barks, as much as to say "we were made for each other." Squint understood. He shook his fists in the direction of the Italian boys and said, "If they ever get you again, they'll have to haul you over my dead body."

But the Italians were never seen again by boy or dog, and the shepherd dog a few weeks later became the wonder and pride of Stumpburg.

Squint had little use for the exposition after he had acquired his dog and his chief desire was to get back with his property to Stumpburg, but Ethelbert felt, after his adventure had proven to be such a sham, that he must restore himself from the loss of respect he had sustained.

Uncle Jeremiah twitted him about the use he was making of his time as a scholarly, learning-loving young man.

"What have you been learning?" he asked. "The others have shown that they have considerable to their credit, and little has been expected of them."

"I've been studying sociology," he proudly replied. "I've been finding out how people get married in different parts of the earth. Suppose I read a few items from my note book."

He proceeded to read as follows:

"Ceylon women have a right to as many husbands as they can manage. Great Britain allows

men to have numerous wives in several of her colonies, but where women have the traditional right to numerous husbands, the British won't allow it. Inquiry: from what psychological trait is this inconsistency derived?

"Bedouins kill a sheep and spill the blood before the tent of the bride's father. This is called the ceremony of fidelity. He thus promises to be faithful or to put the blood back into the live sheep. If satisfied, she rides to his tent on a camel. Query: His act signifies fidelity, what does her act signify?

"In Greenland, if a young man wants a woman, he goes and takes her, if he can. It's only a question as to whether he can catch her and carry her away. Note: Strong widows are in great demand. Query: Why?

"Malays make matches through professional matchmakers. Marriages are made at twelve and fourteen. Bride's teeth are filed down so as to spoil her beauty and show that she is already married. Query: Why couldn't she tell the facts and save her teeth?

A Japanese woman's whole life is devoted to the art of fascinating her husband. Query: Find out the price of return tickets to Japan. Matchmakers in Japan are usually men because they can drive shrewder bargains. Inquiry: Would an American be allowed to drive the bargain for himself? Note:

They must burn all their toys the day previous to the wedding.

"In Morocco, the woman is alternately queen and slave, toy and drudge of the men. She is carefully kept under lock and key, for the men are very dependent upon the women for comfort and entertainment. Note: Here is a hint for Americans.

"China. Note: There is more nonsense true and untrue about China than any other place on earth. Women here have no ideals to chase, for they don't see men often enough to put one together. To be doubly sure, their feet are tongue-tied, as it were. Still, they tell me that the Chinese women have numerous privileges. They are very happy because they can not be disappointed. The sexes are rivals in the matchmaking business. Each one views the girl in her entirety and takes down a perfect description. Then they start out to see who can run down a husband first. When the successful man is found, they consult an astrologer, who names the happy day. The parents exchange presents. A pair of geese is presented to the bride as an emblem of fidelity. As children are sometimes married before they are born, a girl may be a widow before her birth. Note: Figure this out. May be married after they are dead. Note: Get more light on this. Queer people!

"Koreans have about the same marriage cus-

toms as the Chinese, but their emblem of fidelity is a roast leg of pork, carried over by the matchmaker. Query: Wherein is the idea? Can't seem to grasp it. Further: They exchange ducks as a superior symbol to geese. Why? They also send candles and some money. The candles are to be lighted at the birth of the first boy. Query: Are the men all born in the night?

"Hungary is the hardest place. They have to pass through several years of fierce courtship there. They make a long stage play of it, and pass through a vast amount of dignified ceremony in order to become betrothed. Query: Is it worth it?

"The Maori women of New Zealand can trade husbands or exchange for a year or so. Inquiry: Do they ever trade back?

"New Britain youths must pass the time between betrothal and marriage in the wild wilderness among beasts and enemies as a fitting preparatory ordeal to married life. Note: Some one should be sent from Chicago to introduce into New Britain society the tender mercies of divorce.

"Sikhs of the Punjaubs. Note: I'm not interested in these people, except that they make the events of a lifetime center in the great marriage feast. Money is laid up for years to prepare for it.

They treat the house as it were, with everybody invited to the house.

"Hungarians are like the Sikhs but theirs is a feast of music.

"The Tartar bride's family on the wedding day carry sticks and beat the matchmaker. That work

A Mark of Hospitality.

must be as hard a profession as the janitorship business."

"Uncle Jeremiah," Ethelbert continued, enthusiastically, "sociology is something great. You ought to study it. I've got a lot more about the habits and customs of primitive peoples that is very significant. For instance, I've found out how most of the nations eat. Now when you visit in Zanzibar,

the host rolls up balls of rice and tosses it into your mouth as the keeper does wet bran into the hippopotamus. That is a mark of hospitality. The South Sea Islanders,——"

"Ethelbert!" exclaimed Uncle Jeremiah, "please reserve the rest of your observations for the lectures you are to make on sociology. I am quite overcome with the extensiveness of your learning and I am contented to leave the rest to expectation in the time when I may listen to the rest in some lecture hall, where you are enlightening the masses."

CHAPTER XIX.

REMARKABLE SOUVENIRS FOR HOME.

Uncle Jeremiah found several acquaintances in the Hoosier building, who appeared to enjoy romancing over reminiscences more than in wearing out their eyes over the inexhaustible exhibits. He was inclined to join them while his young companions from Stumpburg searched for congenial curiosities over the grounds.

"What are these state buildings for, anyhow," inquired a friend from the pocket of the state, "if it is not as club houses for us bodies who get weary so easy, and as a public hall for our politicians to show off?"

Discussion of this question was cut short by a family coming in who also had opinions on this subject.

"Whar's the boss of this shebang?" inquired a portly farmer in recent country-store clothes, as he dropped a bundle of blankets and a big well-stuffed carpet-bag.

No one was able to reply.

"I didn't send no word 'bout us coming, but I reckon it's all right. We want to know whar we are going to put up."

His wife appeared somewhat uneasy if not in dubious distress. Several children stood around them in wondering expectation.

Uncle Jeremiah thought he understood and he ventured to reply.

"Didn't Send No Word."

"This isn't a hotel," he replied. "You can't put up here."

"Ain't this the Indianer building?" he inquired, as if dumfounded.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Then what's it hyar fer, if it ain't to 'commodate Indianer folks?" he exclaimed, in rising wrath.

"I reckon I pay taxes on a half section of as good farm land as is in Warrick county and I didn't come hyar to be put off in no sich way. We got as much right hyar as anybody. 'Sides, we have brung plenty of bedding and kin sleep on the floor if the place is full."

No one replied, and he looked around at the elegant furnishings. A light seemed to dawn on him. "O, yes, I see," he continued. "This is fixed up for the big bugs, and we country caterpillars are 'spected to sleep on the ground. I've voted my last Republican ticket. After this, I vote the Democrat ticket even for a yaller dog."

Uncle Jeremiah plucked him to one side, and through many of his vehement expostulations explained the intentions and uses of state buildings. Satisfied at last that he was helpless in the matter, he allowed himself and family to be conducted across the street to the big hotel, prepared for such accommodations, where he found a place "to put up" his family during his stay. Uncle Jeremiah returned to his companions.

"I was just thinking," said one of them, "what a fine and profitable anthropological exhibit a family like that would make at a world's exposition in

Heligoland. To complete the exhibit I would capture a few typical specimens of dudes and dudines from the American aristocracy, and perhaps throw in some choice political wardbums as a study in aborigines. If we should take a hundred Americans and exhibit them in their native costumes at a world's fair in Turkestan, or if we could have done it before civilized clothes were known there, they would have thought us as funny as we think the Aino or the Patagonian."

"Yes," said one of the party, "how should we feel perched up on a platform in silk hats and frock coats, alongside of a ticket window, with a barker yelling 'You'll have to hurry to see the only genuine Americans ever brought to this country.' "

They all laughed, and the speaker, rather taken with drollery of the idea, said:

"The barker would, of course, go on and say: 'Ladies and gentlemen, you see them dressed in the peculiar and amusing costume of their native land. These tall hats that you see are universally worn by the American on festal occasions. They are peculiar to religious worship in that country, and are always worn when they go to their temples on what they call Sunday. Those long black coats are also a part of their religion."

"I suppose," said one, "the crowd would take in all of that guff just as we do."

"Of course. The barker is bound to make us picturesque; and to them we would be picturesque. He would tell them that our principal habits are making money and riding in automobiles, and that if they would just step inside at so much per they would see us in our homes, 'carrying on our household affairs, and so on.' "

"Lighting the gas stove, I suppose, rocking the baby, reading the paper or bringing in the coal."

"That's what domestic life is, whether you're an Igorrote or a graduate of Harvard, unless you're a millionaire."

"They ought to exhibit one o' them," suggested somebody.

"Yes, they're pretty near a curiosity to some of us, when they've got a hundred millions. We rubberneck to see them as if they were dressed in feathers."

"That is right," replied Uncle Jeremiah, "human nature is the same all over the world, and it is the most variegated curiosity on earth. We can at any time and nearly any weather, jam the streets of any city for miles with staring people if they only know that, at a set time, a procession will pass by containing some politicians in money bags seated by the side of some highnesses in purple rags."

"I think," said another, "that these voluntary self-exhibitors are as vulgar, whoever they may be,

as those feather-bedecked heathens standing like monkeys or totem poles by the side of the show-barker."

They were interrupted by a flare of sounds from a passing band. They went to the door.

"What is it?" some one asked.

"Don't you see?" replied another; "it is an illustration of our conversation. A state building is being accepted or dedicated or opened up to the public, and some favored sons of the state are going to get their names before the people."

The band was followed by several carriages and a cavalry escort clearing the way for an important Mr. Honorable somebody to exhibit himself.

"Well, there is no doubt," remarked one of the onlookers, "that in some spheres of our natures we are still brothers to the Igorrotes, Patagonians, Ainus and the rest of the world's aborigines."

Uncle Jeremiah saw his delegation of Stumpburgians coming, and he went on to meet them.

"What is it, now?" he asked, knowing that in coming bunched like that, they had some inquiry or request to make.

Ethelbert was the spokesman, as they took seats on some convenient benches generously provided by one of the state buildings.

"This being our last day," he said, "we want to select our souvenirs. We have in fact already done

so, and we want you to pass upon the propriety of our choice. So I am delegated to lay the subjects before you for your veto or O. K."

"First," he continued, "I have selected a phonograph. Does it get your veto or O. K.?"

"I sanction your choice," promptly replied the appointed judge.

"Matilda wants a collection of all the picture books on the fair."

"All right."

"Helena is satisfied to call her subscription doll the world's fair souvenir for her."

"Very well."

"Squint ditto with his dog."

"Good enough."

"We have concluded to advise you to buy a fine oil painting so as to show the Stumpburg artists that they are about as far away from the stars as a telescope."

"I'll do it."

Ethelbert turned expectantly toward August and Nora.

"What souvenir do you chumps, excuse me, I mean chums, want to carry back?"

They appeared much confused at the direct question, and, without answering, looked far-away back down the street.

"They are hopeless," said Ethelbert in impatient

exasperation. "I can't get a word out of them. They want something, but they won't tell it."

They got up and walked away.

"Bless me," exclaimed Ethelbert, looking after them, "I do believe they can't rake up courage enough to say what their choice of a souvenir is, and I'll be blamed if I don't believe it's a marriage certificate."

"Leave them alone," answered Uncle Jeremiah. "They will come to it by and by. Such important matters require time."

"And now," he continued, "as you all have your souvenirs already chosen, I must hurry away to find mine, as I have arranged for us all to leave for home to-morrow morning on the ten o'clock train.

"I believe I can find nothing better to take home with me by which to keep in memory the wonderful art I have seen than the souvenir you suggest," continued Uncle Jeremiah. "I have had the works of a certain artist recommended by a boyhood friend who is a competent judge in the studios of art as well as an honored judge in the courts of law. I think I will take along with me only the young art critic, Miss Helena. If the youngest and the oldest can agree, the artist may exchange his labor for our money."

In due time the two were at the door of the studio when the artist very ceremoniously bowed out two

distinguished-looking Frenchmen. The two Americans went in and began to look around at the pictures. The artist hardly noticed them, but absentmindedly sat down before his easel and began to work.

"This one, buy this one, Uncle Jeremiah," whispered Helena, standing before a group of three women in which a mother was holding a sleeping child and looking with eager eyes as she listened to the opinions expressed by the other two.

"How much for this one?" asked Uncle Jeremiah.

"Tree hundred dollars," said the artist, without looking up from his work.

"Have you pen and ink?"

The artist sprang to his feet.

"Ah! Monsieur!" he exclaimed, "I like that. You are an American West gentleman."

Uncle Jeremiah went to the little desk and took some papers from his pocket. He wrote on two pieces and gave them to the waiting artist. One was a check for three hundred dollars, the other was his address.

"The picture of the sick child is mine," said Uncle Jeremiah. "Send it to that address."

"You make me great honor," said the artist. "American gentleman so different as Europe. I hear a knock at my door. That makes me glad. I hasten. I bow open the door. I say, 'Coom in,

sair.' Gent step forward. He nod his head. He say, 'I veel see picture.' I bow low. I say, 'Vid ze great plaizure.' He mak no answer. He stare long at each von. Den he look long at annudder. He say, 'How much?' I say, 'Four hoondred dollair.' He point at annudder, and say, 'How mooch?' I say, 'Tree hoondred dollair.' He say not a word, but look long time till ze patience he tire out. He get near ze door. Look all 'round and go out. I know he ez American East gentleman. I hear annudder tap on ze door. My heart thump glad. I bow ze door open. I get fine bow back. Von, two, tree bow back. 'Goot morgen, mein herr,' he say. I make ze profound bow, an' say, 'Vair good.' He look at all ze picture in ze row an' say, 'Goot, shane, vondrous fine.' Then near the door he say, 'Mein herr, may I pring mein goot freund, Baron von Alstedt, to see so fine verk?' I say, 'Sair, you do me ze great faveur.' Then von, two, tree bow. He coom in soon with hees friend, ze Baron. They say, 'bootiful, vondrous bootiful; vill you let us pring our freund, Count von Bernstein?' I say, 'Sair, you do me ze great faveur.' We bow and bow and I see them no more. Zat is Gairman. I hear knock at door with cane. I bow ze door open to some vair fine clothes. 'Bon jour, monsieur,' he say, 'chawmed to meet you.' He lean forward and look through ze lorgnette at all my pictures and ask

many question. 'Very fine morsel,' he say, 'exquisite piece, admirable article.' He valk out and that is English. The door coom open. I rise and bow to vair polite gentleman. He look me an' ze studio an' ze picture all over. He bow as he coom to ze door and say, 'After thees glorious art nature

"He Come in With Hees Friend."

is wort nodding. I recommend you, sair, to all my friend.' He whirl his cane von, two, tree time an' is gone. Zat is French. I hear whisper. I look up. It ees a gentleman looking long at von picture. He say, 'How much?' I say, 'Tree hundred dollars.' He say, 'You got pen an' ink?' I have ze money. Zat is American West gentleman. I vish

for mair American West gentlemen. Ze picture is yours. It vill be at your home vair soon that you arrive. Au revoir, au revoir, my fair friend, au revoir. I like you much, vair much. Au revoir, ze goot friend of ze poor artist."

Uncle Jeremiah thought the artist's appreciation was worth half the money and that it would greatly enhance his pleasing memory of the picture chosen by a child in the foreign artist's studio.

CHAPTER XX.

DRAMATIC BRIDAL TOUR OF THE STUMPBURGIANS.

"Don't you tink, Nora," said August, earnestly, as they walked away from the souvenir conference, "that you haf seen the Saint Looey boliceman and the Jefferson Guards, so you can now be satisfied, and we can ashtonish Stumburg peoples and get married in Saint Looey?"

"August," she said with a sigh, "Is it rayely the best I can do for meself in this wurreld?"

"It is, Nora, it is," he answered, with convincing emphasis.

"Thin go ask Uncle Jeremiah if he thinks the same. It's now tin o'clock and to-morry at this toime we are to be on the way home. There's no toime to squander if we get married in Saint Looey."

August hurried away. Presently he returned and gave her a bit of paper.

"Oncle Jeremiah wrote instead of speakin'," he said, as if in some anxious perplexity.

Nora opened the note and read as follows: "We all know August. We know he is healthy, honest, kind, faithful and industrious. If he is as good in the future as he has been in the past, he will never

cause Nora to feel either sorrow or care. When Nora is sure these qualifications are enough for her, then let her answer him according to her thought for him and her belief in her future with him."

She gazed the beaming young man over slowly.

"Go get the loicense, August, and invite the pracher to Uncle Jeremiah's room to-night at siven. I'll do the rist."

August hurried away with more activity than he had exhibited since he had first fallen in love. He had already secured information as to the necessary steps, and it was not long until he was at the city hall.

Unfortunately, he went in where a number of candidates were waiting their turn for physical examination as to their fitness to go on the police force. August walked on to an inner door just as the examining doctor came through for the next man.

"Step lively," he exclaimed to August as he gave him a shove into the room and closed the door. "We are in a hurry."

"Strip," was the command.

"Vot's dot?"

"Off with your clothes for the physical test of fitness. Be quick about it."

August was too bewildered to disobey, especially

as a policeman came forward and began to shuck him off like an ear of corn.

The doctor took his measures, thumped his chest, pounded his back, felt his pulse and listened at his heart.

"Jump over that bar," ordered the doctor.

August did his best and landed in a heap on the floor.

"Get up, keep your knees straight and touch the floor with the palm of your hands."

August tried it under the jerky directions of the policeman, and stood on his head, followed by a tumble that jarred the tile floor.

August rose, sputtering protests.

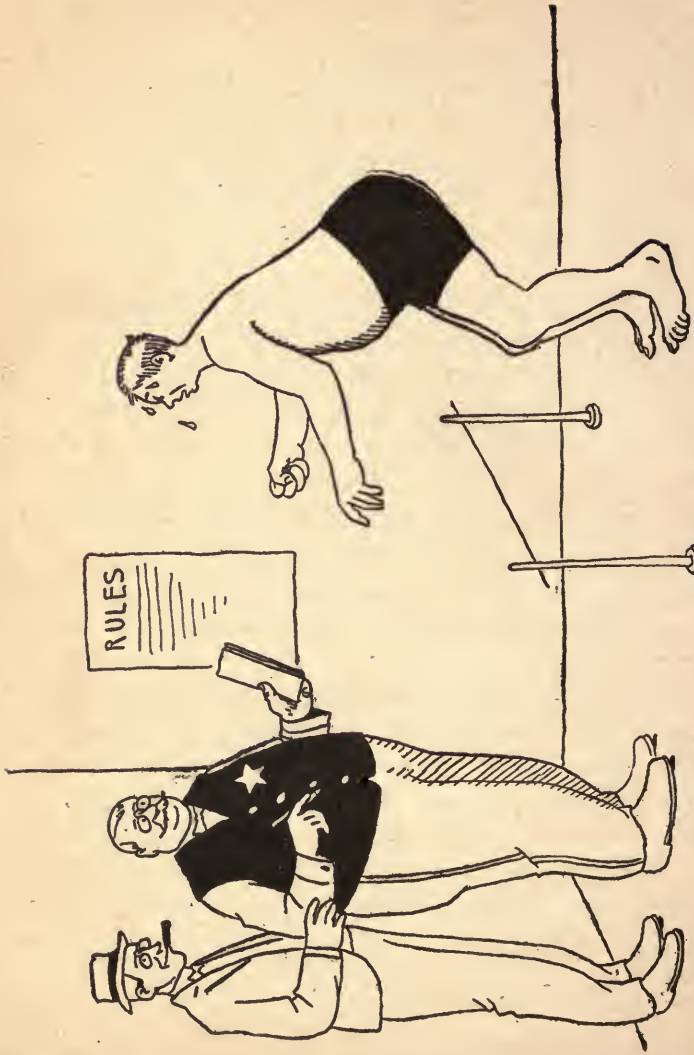
"Get under the cold shower," was the next order, and he was hustled under a douche of ice-cold water.

With a yell he struck the middle of the room at one jump.

"I won't do it. I promise you I won't do it," he yelled. "I stay shingle. I go back to Stoompburg. I won't marry in Saint Looey."

He began to fling on his clothes over his wet skin.

"Let me oudt, let me oudt," he cried, as the clothing were flung into their proper places with incredible rapidity. "I don't want to be fit to marry in Saint Looey."



"Jump Over that Bar."

"What's the matter?" asked the astonished doctor. "Aren't you a candidate for the police force?"

"Ach heiliger Gott, nein. I was candidate for matrimony. I vant license to marry Nora."

The ridiculous mistake dawned upon the doctor and he howled with laughter.

"Take this man with our apologies to the marriage window," he said to the policeman, and, in a few minutes August, though still dazed and shivering, was happy.

Uncle Jeremiah was duly informed of the momentous events impending and he became master of ceremonies for as select and quiet an affair as could be managed in a hotel where all had become so well known. By the time the preacher arrived, Uncle Jeremiah advised August to begin his honeymoon trip back to Stumpburg immediately after the ceremony in order to avoid the annoying familiarities and demonstrations of their friendly acquaintances. A train left the Grand Union two hours later and this would be in good season for their use, while, according to August's arrangements, it gave them time for a grand wedding tour on a trolley car.

There was an ominous and befitting silence in Uncle Jeremiah's room, after he let the preacher in and closed the door, as far as the outside world was concerned. Then August and Nora, each with satchel in hand, fully equipped for travel, appeared

at the door, followed by all the others, who went smiling with them to the front entrance of the hotel. With this, the guests understood what had happened and there was a rush to the sidewalk to see them off.

August did not wait for a car to come, but called to a cabman.

"Take us avay," he said, excitedly. "We will not wait for the street car."

They entered the cab and were driven away at a gallop, followed by the cheers of the crowd.

"We vant the railroad station," yelled August, and then settled down to a reverent contemplation of his new-found bride, but the swaying, jostling carriage bumping along at such a rattling pace discouraged much regular reverence.

After an interminable time to the impatient and badly shaken-up couple, the carriage suddenly stopped and the driver appeared at the door.

"Where do youse skates think yer goin'?" he inquired. "Yer outraged parents can't git next to ye now, but I can run ye 'cross the continent for the price, if ye say so. I want ten apiece or I don't go another step."

August looked around in alarm. A dingy looking light flickered from a lamppost. near which the jehu had stopped his carriage, but all around, as far as he could see, there was nothing but inky dark-

ness. This was far from reassuring to one so rudely awakened from the bliss of less than an hour of married life.

"Come down, old boy, and shake out a couple of sawbucks," continued the cabman, impatiently. "We don't have runaway couples every day, an' in 'mergencies like this we've got to have the stuff 'fore we deliver the goods."

August was dazed and speechless, while Nora thought it was an occasion for a woman to be seen, if necessary, but not heard.

"Come, shell out, or I'll have to persuade," threatened the driver.

August began to realize the situation. He had heard about professional hold-ups and this was one of them.

"Git a move on ye before I count five, or I'll produce and yer fair lady might git hysterics."

August stepped out of the carriage and took a survey of his enemy without getting his hands to his pockets.

"Hev I gotter intimerdate ye with a gun?" he continued. "Count out the stuff immejetly. I know ye've got it, fer people don't run away with pretty galls without the mun."

The glint of a pistol barrel was seen in the jehu's hands.

"Coom offer here py de light," said August, as if

he had just found his tongue. "I can't dell the toller pills from udder notes und papers mix up in my pocket."

They stepped over under the light. August drew out a large roll of money with a bunch of papers.

"Just pass it all over," said the cabman, reaching out his hand, "and you can drive back the carriage yourself."

The revolver was now on a level with his chest.

August shoved out his handful of bills past the revolver, as if to give them over, but, with a sudden stroke of his hand, the revolver was knocked aside and his other fist went into the man's stomach.

The jehu gave a wild groan and went down, with August on top. August wrenched the revolver from his hand and arose with it leveled at the head of his prostrate antagonist.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," he cried. "I was only joking."

"Ha! ha! Such a funny shoke," said the rural conqueror. "You shoost dake it easy 'till I put my money back."

This being done, August addressed himself to his fallen enemy.

"Well, wy doane you git ope?"

"You didn't tell me to."

"O, you leettle pet sheeps, you no got any wool, doane ye? Well, git ope."

The dilapidated driver got upon his feet.

"Now, go sthraddle dot hoss."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean vat I say, und I say vat I mean. Sthraddle dot hoss, right avay, putty kveek."

The jehu climbed upon the horse's back, while August stepped back into the carriage.

"Now, my lofely pride," he said to Nora, "we will etoorn on our vedding trip."

"Say, meester, shoost trive pack to de Grand Union railroad station, an' wen I tink you don't go dot vey I make holes in your pack. Now, trot 'long lifely. We haf not mooch dime to play."

The cabman turned the carriage around and started back, as if this was the natural condition of cab travel.

The lights soon became more numerous and they soon struck the paved streets again.

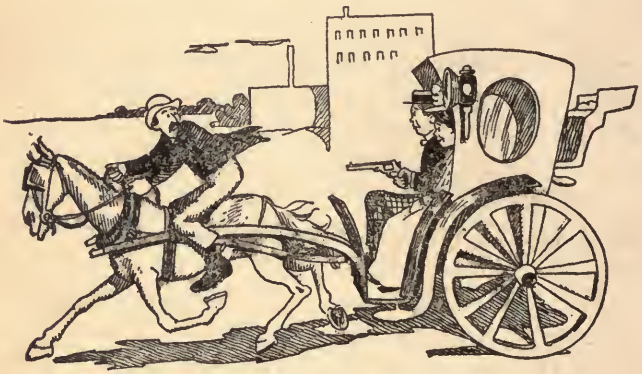
"Say, mister, when we get to the station——".

"Not a vord, not a vord. We haf no dime to dalk. Shust tend to your peesness und say noddings. Silence ish golden. I haf not lived so long in de city mitout learning big piles of tings. Shust go on to dot station, if you do not vant to go on from de pad to de vurst."

Numbers of people along the sidewalks now began to be seen and all stopped to gaze after the singular spectacle jogging rapidly along the street. Now

and then exclamations of surprise and sundry yells greeted them. Presently the sound of moving trains and ringing engine bells struck their ears. Then they came up among a lot of carriages at the carriage entrance of the Grand Union railroad station.

They were at once surrounded by a hooting crowd of carriage drivers, and curious spectators. The



The Cabman Started Back.

driver remained on his horse, not speaking or moving.

"What's the matter here?" said a policeman, coming up as August got out and helped Nora from the carriage.

"Just a bet, sir. I'm paying a bet," hastily spoke the elevated driver.

"You bet he's paying a bet," said August. "Now,

shust git down from dot hoss, git back on your seat, drive pack home to your stable, and doan yet effer let anypoddy see you drive anodder carriage in Saint Looey."

"All right, sir, all right. I'll do it," cried the cabman in a burst of emotional gratitude.

And he did it with remarkable celerity.

The crowd hooted and yelled until the cabman disappeared around the corner; then they pressed after the two passengers to learn, if possible, what was meant by such a singular spectacle, but August and Nora had disappeared in the station. They hurried on to the gates and inquired for their train. It was ready and they passed on to it. At the car steps a man rushed up to August in great eagerness.

"Say, my friend, what was the matter with the cabman? I represent the press and would like to know the story."

"No story. It vas de gospeel troof. Nodding was de matter mit him. He vas very healty. Only he hat his leefer turned ofer. He von't do it somedime any more again."

"But, what made him ride the horse?" persisted the reporter.

"O, I haf lose my vife! I haf lose my vife! Vare is she? Vare is she? Vare is my vife?" And August ran, howling into the car.

The reporter sprang up the steps and looked in as August discovered his lost treasure in a near car seat and sat down beside her with a worse palpitation of the heart than he had experienced during the entire eventful evening.

The reporter stood irresolutely for a minute and then turned away as though he gave it up as a fruitless quest.

The following day, Uncle Jeremiah gathered together the remainder of his little flock, and sadly bade farewell to the earthly paradise of beauty, that could henceforth be to them only a city of visions and dreams. They passed over the great father of waters and sped onward to that which was their own, the lowly but blessed realities of the farmer's home.

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